



STIRRING ADVENTURE IN  
AFRICAN TRAVEL.





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AFRICAN TRAVEL.

*GREAT EXPLORERS—HUNTING EXPLOITS—  
SHIPWRECK—CAPTIVITY—  
BOMBARDMENT.*

BY  
CHARLES BRUCE,  
AUTHOR OF 'THE BOOK OF ADVENTURE AND PERIL,' ETC. ETC.

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# STIRRING ADVENTURE IN AFRICAN TRAVEL.



## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

AFRICA, with its 11,515,000 square miles of area, and a population of 206,000,000 souls, its monotony of coast lines and uniform disposition of land ; with its large rivers and vast inland lakes ; its strange tropical vegetation and numberless animals, was for ages the land of mystery and marvel, a sealed book, its outermost rim alone known to the civilized world ; now, however, its leaves have been opened, and its innermost secrets discovered and revealed.

It has had a wonderful fascination for multitudes of restless and adventurous spirits, whose love of excitement and danger has impelled them to seek scenes where it could be indulged free from the restraints of law. Nobler spirits, too, have been seduced to its shores to add to our geographical knowledge and enrich the lore of science ; and devoted missionaries

have spent their lives there, and too often found a premature grave in their efforts to bring its dusky inhabitants within the Christian fold; while the merchant has there found new channels for trade. In our grandfathers' days Africa was chiefly known as the land whence slaves, gold, and ivory were obtained, while the interior was thought to be a howling wilderness of burning sand, where no one could exist. Now every national schoolboy knows something more of Africa than this, thanks to the many travellers who have pushed into its interior and crossed the continent from sea to sea.

Even in our grandfathers' time a strong desire was felt to know more of the mysterious land, and an African Association was formed for the purpose of opening up the country in the interests of commerce and trade. The first explorer it sent out was Ledyard, who was a sergeant of marines, and had sailed round the world with the celebrated Captain Cook, and had afterwards lived with the North American Indians, and pushed his way into the interior of Russia. He accomplished nothing, for no sooner had he reached Cairo, than he was seized with illness, and died. The next, a Mr. Lucas, was even more unfortunate. He had previously been for years a slave in Morocco, and misfortune followed him even now, for, reaching Tisheet, in the Great Desert, with the hope of ultimately gaining Timbuctoo, he was first robbed of everything he

possessed by the Moors, and then cast adrift; then wandering alone about the desert, until exhausted by hunger and thirst, he sat down under a tree and died.

Now came forward a man whose name is indelibly connected with African exploration—Mungo Park. With the object of discovering the sources of the Niger, and visiting Timbuctoo and Houssa, he joined a caravan, and pushed vigorously into the interior. Taxed at every town he halted, he yet met with much kindly attention and assistance. King Jatta, of Madina, not only gave him permission to pass, but even provided him a guide, and promised to offer up prayers for his safety. At the capital of Bondou, the king informed him that his women were very desirous of seeing him, and would he pay them a visit? He did so.

‘As soon as he entered, they surrounded him, some begging for physic, some for amber, and all of them desirous of being blooded. There were ten or twelve ladies, most young and handsome, their heads adorned with ornaments of gold and amber beads. They rallied Park on the whiteness of his skin, and his prominent nose, and observed that the first was produced by dipping him in milk when he was an infant; and insisted that his nose had been pinched every day, till it had acquired its present unsightly and unnatural conformation. He, on his part, praised the glossy jet of their skin, and the lovely depression of their noses;

but they replied that flattery, or, as they termed it, 'honey-mouth,' was not esteemed in Bondou. In return for his compliments, however, they presented him with a jar of honey, and some fish.'

In the kingdom of Kajaaga he was robbed of all his gold and valuables, and was unable to purchase provisions. In this forlorn state he seated himself, with his servant boy by his side, beneath a tree; a poor woman passing by with a basket on her head stopped and inquired if he had had any dinner; he replied that he had been robbed of all his money, and could not procure any food; she immediately presented him with a few handfuls of ground nuts, then passed quickly on to avoid his thanks. This is only one of many instances in which Park was indebted to the kindness of women for preservation from hunger. He speaks of them with gratitude, as always willing to relieve his necessities, and as the best friends he met in his journeys.

Ali, a Moorish potentate, detained Park when he was just about to enter the heathen kingdom of Goumba, and appeared very much inclined to make him a prisoner for good. To avoid so undesirable a fate, he determined to escape secretly. He had travelled as far as Queira, when he saw Ali's chief slave and four Moors arrive; he immediately guessed the nature of their errand, which was no less than to seize and convey him back to Ali's presence. At

night, while the Moors were lying on the ground asleep, he made up a small bundle of clothes, mounted his horse, and rode quickly away. He was pursued, and robbed of his cloak, and then allowed to resume his journey. But he was without food or water, and the burning sun shining full upon him and reflecting from the arid sands, created an intense thirst. He climbed a tree, hoping to see a human habitation; all around he could see nothing but hillocks of white sand, and thick underwood. Once again, at sunset, he climbed a tree. Nothing met his sight but the same monotonous scenery; and when he descended, he turned giddy and fell insensible to the ground. Recovering, he made another effort to preserve dear life. Seeing lightning in the north-east, he was hoping rain would follow, when, after a loud roaring of wind among the trees, he found himself enveloped in a sand-storm. This continued for nearly an hour, followed by a heavy downpour of rain, which thoroughly soaked him; yet, sucking his clothes, he was able in a measure to quench his intolerable thirst. Throughout the night he plodded doggedly on, his horse almost as dead-beat as himself, and at day-break reached some shallow pools, from whence he drank to his heart's content. Twelve miles farther he gained a village, where he was once more indebted to the kind generosity of a woman for the means of sustaining life.

Such incidents as these were of frequent occurrence



throughout his journey, until, worn out and enfeebled by constant fatigue, constant hunger and thirst, he determined to retrace his steps; and this he did, joining the caravan of a slaver named Kafa. He, like subsequent African travellers, was witness to the cruel treatment to which the slaves were subjected. One poor woman, named Nealee, especially aroused his sympathy. She had been stung in a dreadful manner by bees, and could only just manage to crawl, and at length fell down from sheer exhaustion and pain. The whip was so mercilessly applied to her body, that she started up and walked for four or five hours, when she was again overcome; a second time was the same remedy applied; but now it was of no avail, the poor creature was utterly unable to proceed, could not even sit on an ass; she was therefore stripped of her clothing, and left a prey for the wild beasts.

In 1805 Park was again in Africa, bent upon exploring the Niger; and, landing on the northern banks of the Gambia, he commenced an overland journey to Pisania, hoping to reach the Niger before the rainy season commenced, when the river would be navigable without much exposure or toil. The journey, however, proved a very toilsome one, the climate affected both men and animals; and in crossing the River Wanda, a Mandingo priest, named Isaaco, was seized by the left thigh by a crocodile, which dragged him under water. The man turned upon the

animal and dug his fingers into its eyes, when it at once let go its hold; but before its intended victim could reach the shore, the crocodile seized him by the other thigh and again pulled him under the water. The man adopted his former tactics, thrusting his fingers into the creature's eyes, and with the same result; for it again quitted him, and, after flouncing about, went down the stream without making another attempt for a meal. Isaaco safely gained the shore, where his wounds were dressed, and he was conveyed in a litter to the nearest village.

The adventurous expedition ended in disaster. The Niger was reached, and a large canoe, well provisioned, and manned by several slaves, was launched on its waters. Park hoped with this to make a voyage to the mouth of the river. But in descending the stream they were followed by armed canoes, which although they beat off, it was only to find themselves threatened by the natives on shore, who assembled at the most difficult parts of the river and assailed them with spears. Once the boat struck on the rocks, and on another occasion was nearly upset by a hippopotamus. At a place called Yaour, the natives assembled on an overhanging rock and endeavoured to destroy the canoe and its occupants by hurling stones and lances into it. Park and his companions defended themselves for a long time; then two of his men being killed, and seeing no hope of escape, he jumped into the water

with the intention of gaining the shore, but was drowned in the attempt.

These fatal terminations to African exploration did not deter others from making similar attempts; traveller after traveller landed on the inhospitable shores, achieved more or less success, returning in safety, or leaving their bones in the land which had proved as a magnet to them. Denham, Clapperton, the Landers, and others; each and all sought to achieve honour and fame, and add to our geographical knowledge, by exploring this dark continent,—braving its fevers, and fearless of the ferocity of its savage inhabitants. But it has remained for our more modern explorers to achieve a greater success; and to open up this wonderful country to the enterprise of the trader, the work of the missionary, and make it a possible home for the settler. Let us follow in the footsteps of some of these heroic men.

## CHAPTER II.

### LIVINGSTONE.

THE first of modern African travellers to demand our attention is he whose unselfish and lofty purpose in his explorations commanded, and still commands, the admiration of all—Dr. Livingstone. Born on the banks of the Clyde, a little above Glasgow, from a worker in the Blantyre Cotton Works he became one of the foremost and greatest men of his time, his name honoured and revered in all European countries, on the other side of the Atlantic, and in our most distant colonies. For the most part a self-educated man, he lived to receive the highest honours our most learned Societies have to bestow, and after death was buried in England's most famous and venerable pile.

Livingstone left England for South Africa in 1840, joining the missionary station at Kuruman in the capacity of medical missionary. Here he could not remain for long, his enterprising spirit urged him to push farther into the unknown interior and found

fresh stations. That he might be better fitted for this work, he retired to a spot called Lepelole, and, secluding himself from all society, studied the native tongue, and obtained an insight into the habits, modes of thinking, and laws and manners of the Bechuanas; this, he concluded, would be of inestimable advantage in all his future intercourse with the native tribes of South Africa. Then he journeyed northwards to the Bakáa Mountains. The greater part of this journey had to be performed on foot, as the draught oxen were sick; the natives laughed at the idea of an Englishman being able to travel thus. 'See,' they said, 'he is not strong, he is quite thin, and only appears stout because he puts himself into those bags (trousers); he will soon knock up.' But to their surprise the despised white man bore the fatigues of the journey as easily as they did themselves.

Now for a time he carried on his missionary operations at Chonuane, among the Bakuena, or Bakwains, the chief of which, Sechele, had himself embraced Christianity and loved to expound its doctrines to his people, whom he was most anxious should all become converts; but this proving to be a far more difficult task than he had anticipated, he proposed calling his head men together to assist him in making them Christians, or with whips of rhinoceros-hide to beat them into a state of belief. This plan, however, met with the decided disapproval of Livingstone

and had to be abandoned, although reluctantly, for the chief argued that it was unseemly for a great warrior like himself to reason with his people; they must be whipped, and made to believe these new truths.

One class of the people were very hard to persuade, the 'rain-makers.' 'What is the use of your everlasting preaching and praying?' they said; 'it brings not rain. Other tribes who do not pray get rain in abundance, and it is plain that our charms have more power than your prayers.' To avoid the long-continued drought with which the country was afflicted, Livingstone persuaded the chief to remove with his whole tribe to the Kolobeng, a stream forty miles away, and there, by means of irrigation, make themselves sure of a constant water supply. This was done, and the new station was called after the name of the river.

It was from Kolobeng that Livingstone started to cross the great Kalahari Desert, a journey no white man had ever before performed, and which even the natives dreaded; but Livingstone believed there was a fertile country beyond, and this he wished to verify. Fortunately two African travellers were near him at this time, and when they heard of his project determined to accompany him. These were Colonel Steele and Mr. Oswell, the latter of whom undertook to defray the expenses of the guides. The chief said he could

not go, but gave two of his best men to serve as arms to him. For several days the party travelled through a flat sandy country interspersed with open forest bush and grass-lands; then they plunged northward right into the desert. Here they found the soil of soft white sand, into which the wheels of the waggons sunk deeply, so that the poor oxen found it hard work to draw them along.

‘On they go, labouring and panting, with open mouths and lolling tongues, while the drivers smack their long whips, and with loud shouts encourage or threaten them; at times lifting the clumsy wheels that have sunk deeper than usual, or making united efforts to push the heavy waggons on. Livingstone and his friends, with the native guides, walk ahead, and send eager glances on every side in search of water, which has now become very scarce. The sun pours down its hot rays, and the sand beneath burns the feet if they rest on it too long in one place. Soon the wide, wild, pathless desert extends on every side of them, bounded only by the horizon, without a sign or sound of life, except those of their own party. Man and beast alike are possessed by a burning thirst, an intense desire for water, or any kind of fluid; the feet sink into the soft yielding sand above the instep, and to lift them, and drag along the weary frame, is an exertion almost too much for the fainting powers. No shade of green to relieve the eye, no freshness

in the air, no moisture anywhere ; even conversation has become irksome, and they walk as men in a dream, or, unable to do this, sit on the oxen, swaying to and fro, and scarcely knowing of, or caring for, anything in life, except it be that which will cool the parched tongue, and quench the burning thirst.'

But, even in this dreary waste, Nature has been provident, and supplied a substitute for water in the shape of a plant called '*leroshúa*,'—small, with long narrow leaves, and a slight stalk, at the end of which, twelve or eighteen inches in the sand, is a large tuber, as big as an infant's head ; this is filled with a pulpy mass of cellular tissue containing a fluid sweet and delightfully cool. Another plant is that of the water-melon, called by the natives '*kengwe*.' In many parts large tracts of land are literally covered with this plant, to which wild animals of every description resort, and on which they revel. Poisonous serpents and venomous insects abound in this dreary desert : here, also, ants have made their long and tortuous galleries in the sand, and the ant-lion its circular pit, where it lies in wait for its prey ; also, there is another singular insect, an inch and a quarter long, and about as thick round as an ordinary lead pencil, covered with black hair ; this buries its head in the soil and quivers with its tail, till an ant draws near to see what it means, when the forceps of the insect immediately snap it up, and it disappears for ever. Neither is the



desert wholly destitute of human inhabitants, for here dwell the Bosjesmen, or Bushmen, the most degraded of African tribes, scarcely to be called human, small in stature, living upon the carcases, often putrid, of animals which die, and on insects and roots,—hiding away in holes in the rocks, hollows in the sand, or small hovels made of grass and vegetable fibre.

More than two months were the party plodding through this wild and desolate waste, then 'the face of the country assumed a different appearance. The patches of verdure became more frequent and extensive, and the scrub thicker; the old river-courses which they crossed began to exhibit signs of moisture, and at length they came to a pool of rain-water, nearly full, into which the cattle rushed, lowing with pleasure, until the delicious fluid was nearly on a level with their throats, and they drank till their sides were distended as if they would burst. Mingled with the grass, they now came upon clumps of the "wait-a-bit thorn," so called because its sharp, strong spines pierce the traveller's legs, and arrest his progress. Presently, a group of graceful palmyra trees rise upon the view, and beneath their shade is a delightfully fresh spring. And now it seems that there lies spread before them, beneath the beams of the setting sun, a broad sheet of water, glistening and flashing. Is it the long looked-for lake? Nay, it is only the deceitful mirage, caused

by the blue haze floating over extensive salt-runs. And now they come to a huge and beautiful river, running to the north-east, and the people of the village on its farther bank tell them it is the Zouga, and that it comes out of the great lake. Following its course, they at length reach the object of their search; and on the 1st of August they look with delight and thankfulness upon Lake Ngami.'

Rumours of this lake Livingstone had heard from the natives, but his were probably the first European eyes which had gazed upon its broad expanse of unbroken water. No map of the time contained its name; indeed, that portion of the great continent was quite unknown to the settlers nearer the seaboard. The natives dwelling on its shores called themselves Bayeiye, that is, 'men,' and they could walk round the lake in three days. Large rivers flowed into it, which came, they said, 'from a country full of rivers; so many, no one can tell their numbers, and full of large trees.' Here was a new field for exploration and for missionary labour, and the heart of the traveller was strangely moved; there, in those distant regions, lived the Makololo nation,—from among which Livingstone was to find his most faithful followers,—ruled by their great chief, Sebituane, who resided about two hundred miles farther on. But no persuasion could induce the Bayeiye to furnish guides or means to reach the Makololos, so

the travellers were obliged to retrace their steps to Kolobeng.

The second attempt to reach the Makololo country was also a failure, but the third proved successful. Sebituane earnestly wished him to come, and had even sent presents of oxen to various chiefs to help him on the way; yet it was only after great difficulties and privations that Livingstone finally succeeded, and embarking in canoes on the Chobe, accompanied by Oswell, went to meet the king, who had come more than one hundred miles to see him. He found him to be a tall, wiry man, slightly bald, and with an olive complexion; in the prime of middle age; his manner cool and collected. He was a great warrior, and always led his men to battle himself. He hated cowardice; and, being swift of foot, should one of his men turn his back upon the foe, he was after him in a moment, and swift was the punishment; now and again he would allow one to escape him, but, on his return home, the culprit would be brought into his presence, and told, that as he preferred dying at home to doing so in battle, he might do so, and was immediately executed.

In peace he was as benevolent as he was brave in war; he gained the affections of his own subjects and also those of strangers. When poor men visited his town, to sell their hoes or skins, he would go to them and inquire if they were hungry; he would then have

meal, milk, and honey brought to them, and urge them to eat. All strangers on leaving were presented with presents. Thus his praises were sounded on every side,—‘He has a heart! he is wise!’

He was particularly pleased with Livingstone for showing so much confidence in him as to bring with him his wife and children, and promised to take them to see his country, that choice might be made of a part in which to settle. But just at this time the great chief ‘fell sick of inflammation of the lungs, which originated in an old wound got at Melita. I saw his danger,’ says Livingstone, ‘but I was afraid to treat him medically, lest, in the event of his death, I should be blamed by his people. I mentioned this to one of his doctors, who said, “Your fear is prudent and wise; they would blame you.” He had been cured the year before by the Barotse making a large number of free incisions in his chest. The Makololo doctors now scarcely cut the skin. I visited him in company with my little boy, Robert, on the Sunday afternoon in which he died. “Come near,” said Sebituane, “and see if I am any longer a man; I am done.” I ventured to assent, and added a single sentence regarding hope after death. “Why do you speak of death?” said one of a relay of fresh doctors; “Sebituane will never die.” After sitting with him some time, and commending him to the mercy of God, I rose to depart, when he raised himself up a

little, called a servant, and said, "Take Robert to Maunku (one of his wives), and tell her to give him some milk." These were the last words of Sebituane.'

Sebituane's daughter, Ma-mochisane, became ruler after her father's death, and she gave the travellers permission to visit any part of the country, of which they readily availed themselves; and, at the end of June 1851, discovered the great river Zambesi on which are those wonderful Victoria Falls, surpassing in grandeur the celebrated Niagara Falls. These Falls are called by the natives 'Mosi oa tunya' (smoke ascends there); and when Livingstone visited them years afterwards, he thus describes them:—

'After twenty minutes' sail from Kalai, we came in sight, for the first time, of the columns of vapour, appropriately called "smoke," rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five columns now arose, and, bending in the direction of the wind, they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees; the tops of the columns at this distance appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was extremely beautiful; the banks and islands, dotted over the river, are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of colour and form. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled

over with blossoms. There, towering over all, stands the great burly baobab, each of whose enormous arms would form the trunk of a large tree, beside a group of graceful palms, which, with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted on the sky, lend their beauty to the scene. The silvery mohonono, which in the tropics is in form like the cedar of Lebanon, stands in pleasing contrast with the dark colour of the motsouri, whose cypress form is dotted over at present with its pleasant scarlet fruit. Some trees resemble the great spreading oak, others assume the character of our own elms and chestnuts; but no one can imagine the beauty of the view from anything witnessed in England.

‘The Falls are bounded on three sides by ridges, 300 or 400 feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing among the trees. When about half-a-mile from the Falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids, who, by passing down the centre of the stream, in the eddies and still places caused by the many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river, and on the edge of the lip over which the water rolls. Though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the spot, a view of which would solve the whole problem, I believe that no one could perceive where

the vast body of water went ; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure into which it disappeared being only eighty feet distant. Creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent, which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream 1000 yards broad leaped down 100 feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire Falls are simply a crack made in a hard basaltic rock, from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. In looking into the fissure on the right side of the island, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud, which, at the time we visited the spot, had two bright rainbows on it. From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapour, exactly like steam, and it mounted 200 or 300 feet high ; then condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower, which wetted us to the skin.'

The Zambesi rises annually thirty feet, flooding fifteen or twenty miles of the adjacent land ; and on little hills, in these wet and swampy tracts, live the Makololo, the nature of the ground securing them from the attacks of enemies. Here they rear their cattle, which, to escape the dreadful tsetse fly, have often to be removed to higher grounds. Here, too, they cultivate their plots of maize and cotton, their yams and

pumpkins, and other esculent vegetables. This requires but little labour, they have only to sow and gather in when ripe, for the heat and moisture stimulates the growth of all vegetation. The women perform all field labour, such work being beneath the dignity of the men, whose time is usually—when not engaged in war—spent in hunting the hippopotamus or elephant, shooting birds, or fishing. Sometimes they enter their canoes, and engage in combat with the crocodile. At night they gather round the fires, and enjoy a noisy chat.

There was no place here for a station, fever was too prevalent; so Livingstone returned once more to Kolobeng, and from thence to the Cape, from whence he sent his wife and children home to England, while he himself turned his face once more to the wilderness, determined to thoroughly explore those unknown lands of which he had but seen a glimpse. For years he disappeared entirely from the sight of civilized man, no tidings ever reached his anxious friends of his whereabouts; he was as one dead. Now and again vague rumours were circulated of a white man who had been seen by slavers or hunters in the far interior, but no authentic information ever reached them of his existence.

Meantime the heroic traveller was making his way down the river Chobe to Linyante, the capital of the Makololo country, where its royal residents were



eagerly expecting his arrival, and whose coming had been announced by a native bard :—

‘ Up the Chobe comes the stranger,  
Through the reeds he sails along.  
What cares he for toil and danger ?  
Give him welcome with a song.  
Friend of the poor Makololo,  
He has dropped down from the sky :  
Fill the bowl with sweet boyalo,  
Let the fatted oxen die.’

But the difficulties to be overcome were many, the river had overflowed far more extensively than usual, and the mid-channel could only be detected by open spaces left between the tall papyrus plants and rushes, bound closely together by convolvuli. Waggons had to be abandoned, for many of the men were struck down with fever, and the oxen bitten by the tsetse, so that it was impossible to drag the heavy vehicles through the soft and yielding soil, marshy and flooded. Often Livingstone found himself up to his neck in water, while his clothes were torn in pieces by grass that cut like a razor, and brambles and thorns lacerated his flesh. One friendly chief sent a party of natives to assist him, otherwise it seems almost doubtful whether he would ever have gained Linyante. Sekeletu, to whom his sister had resigned the royal sceptre, welcomed the traveller with all friendliness, and allowed him to hold religious services in his own

palace, although he himself would not embrace Christianity, nor be taught the truths of the Bible, for fear he should be compelled to give up all his wives but one.

From Linyante, Livingstone, accompanied by the king and some of his head men, made various exploring expeditions on the Zambesi, and to different parts of the country; and finally, in November 1853, set off to make his way to Loanda, in the Portuguese settlement on the west coast. He was attended by a number of Makololos, much against the will of some of the native priests, who exclaimed, 'Where is he taking you to? This white man is throwing you away. Your garments smell of blood!' But the chief favoured the expedition when Livingstone pointed out that it would open a new route for trade. What articles of property he could not carry with him he left in charge of Makololos, who preserved them so carefully, that, upon his return, he found nothing had been stolen.

To follow the great traveller in his adventurous journey step by step is impossible; we will therefore only mention several of the incidents he met with on his way. It was on the 11th of November 1853 that he started from Linyante, embarking on the river Chobe with his band of twenty-seven men. The chief danger in the navigation of the river was found to arise from the ferocious bachelor hippopotami, who,

having been expelled from their herd, and soured in temper, would frequently rush at and upset the canoes, and would sometimes even chase the men on shore.

The day's labours usually commenced at five in the morning, when coffee was taken, and the canoes loaded; at eleven they landed for lunch and an hour's rest; then, re-embarking, they kept on till close upon sunset, when, landing, a sleeping-place was selected, coffee again served out with coarse bread made of maize meal or Indian corn, unless some animal had fallen victim to the gun. This routine was, of course, modified by circumstances.

The Leeambye was entered after leaving the Zambesi. This river was found to be swarming with alligators, who frequently carried off children and calves from the shore. One of the Doctor's men was seized by one of these monsters and dragged to the bottom; but, striking the creature with his spear, the reptile let go its hold, and the man escaped, bearing, however, the marks of its teeth on his thigh.

Gaining the Balonda country, Livingstone received a visit from Manenko, a chieftainess, a tall fine woman smeared all over with fat and red ochre; with her he travelled in a heavy drizzling rain to see Shinte, the chief of the country. In marching the lady always took the lead, dressed in the scantiest of clothing; and when asked why she did not put on her

raiment as a protection from the rain, she replied, it was not proper for a chief to appear effeminate. Shinte was found seated in his place of audience, his wife by his side, and behind him, clothed in red baize, a hundred other women. The intercourse between the traveller and the chief was of a very friendly character; and, on parting, the Doctor was presented with a shell, on which Shinte set great value. 'There,' said he, 'now you have a proof of my affection!' He also provided him with a guide, and a plentiful supply of food.

Although, by command of their chiefs, the inhabitants of the various villages were very friendly and hospitable, they were yet fearful savages. From a neighbouring town came the news of the death of a chief named Matiamvo. This amiable potentate was addicted to running a-muck through his capital, and beheading any one he met, till he had quite a large heap of human heads piled up in front of his hut; he would also have men slaughtered whenever he wanted a portion of a body to work charms with.

The Balonda people had one very singular and disgusting custom. When two men wished to become friends, they would sit down opposite each other, with a mug of beer by the side of each, and clasp hands; then cuts were made on their clasped hands, foreheads, right cheeks, and pits of the stomach. A blade of grass was then pressed against the several cuts, and

afterwards washed in the beer; mugs were then exchanged, and the contents drunk; thus each man tasted the other's blood, and accordingly became blood relations, and were bound to assist each other in every possible way.

The nearer the Doctor approached the more civilized settlements, the manners of the natives became worse; tricks were resorted to, to detain him and obtain gifts. The Chibogue, headed by their chief, thronged round him, loudly demanding tribute; but were quickly silenced when they saw the muzzle of the traveller's gun pointed at them. Even his followers, contaminated by the lawlessness around them, mutinied, demanding more food; the resolute bearing of the Doctor, who went into the midst of them with his double-barrelled pistol, soon brought them to reason, and they never afterwards gave him trouble.

Approaching nearer and nearer Loanda, our traveller came in contact with many Portuguese, and was treated by them with much courtesy and kindness, and assisted on his way, until, on May the 31st, 1854, he entered the city, and was warmly welcomed by the British Commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade, who, seeing how ill he looked from the hardships he had endured, offered him a bed. 'Never shall I forget,' says the Doctor, 'the luxurious pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch, after, for six months, sleeping on the ground.'

Great was the astonishment of the Makololo at all they saw in Loanda; especially did the large stone houses and churches surprise them. To their own countrymen, on their return, they described a house as a 'mountain with several caves in it.' Visiting one of Her Majesty's vessels in the harbour, the Doctor, pointing to the sailors, said, 'Now these are all my countrymen, sent by our Queen for the purpose of putting down the trade of those that buy and sell black men.' They replied, 'Truly! they are just like you!' Then they went forward amongst the men, and the jolly tars handed them a share of the bread and beef which they had for dinner. The commander allowed them to fire off a cannon; and, having the most exalted ideas of its power, were very pleased when the Doctor told them, 'That is what they put down the slave-trade with.' The size of the vessel amazed them. 'It is not a canoe at all,' they said, 'it is a town!' and, 'What sort of a town is it that you must climb up into with a rope?' While Livingstone was suffering from an attack of fever, his men were not idle; they went into the outskirts and cut wood, which they sold in the town, and engaged themselves to unship a cargo of coals. At this last work they continued for a month, then they gave it up, saying, 'The ship contained no end of the stones which burn.'

On the 20th of September 1854, Livingstone set

out on his return journey. The merchants of the town sent by him presents to Sekeletu; the bishop furnished him with twenty carriers, with ammunition, beads, cloth, and gave to each of his men a musket; while the officers of the *Philomel* fitted him out with a new tent. Thus furnished, he pushed his way back to Linyante, his starting-place, where he was received with much enthusiasm. The chief was highly delighted with his presents, and on the Sunday made his appearance in church, dressed in a splendid uniform, which was one of them.

After a season of rest, Livingstone again left Linyante, this time with the intention of reaching the east coast. It was on this journey that he discovered the great Victoria Falls, which we have already described. Reaching a patch of country infested by the tsetse, it became necessary to travel at night. No sooner had they commenced doing this than a fearful storm broke forth, sometimes the lightning spreading over the sky in forks like the branches of a gigantic tree, the light from which was so great that the whole country could be distinctly seen. The horses trembled, and turned round to look for each other; the thunder roared, as it only can in tropical countries, while the rain poured down in continuous sheets, drenching the party and making them feel wretchedly cold and miserable. To make matters worse, the luggage had been sent on ahead, so that the Doctor was obliged to

lie down on the cold ground without any covering. The chief, Sekeletu, who had accompanied him thus far, seeing his plight, covered him with his own blanket, remaining without one himself throughout the rest of the time. An act of generosity hardly to be expected from a savage chief.

From Kalai the Doctor set off northwards to the Lekone, finding the country through which he passed most beautiful; and the farther he advanced, the more the inhabitants seemed to swarm. The mode of salutation by the natives in these regions was most singular. They neither shook hands nor bowed, but throwing themselves on their backs on the ground they rolled from side to side, slapping their thighs, and shouting, 'Kina bomba! Kina bomba!' The chief of Moyara, like his subjects, rolled himself in the dust and shouted, 'Kina bomba!' He had never seen a white man before. The country abounded with large game. One day they came upon a buffalo lying down, which the Doctor, wishing to secure for food, fired at. The animal turned to charge: there was nothing for it but to beat a retreat to some rocks for shelter, but, before they could gain them, they found three elephants blocking their way. Fortunately the immense brutes were as much startled as themselves, and turned off into the jungle, allowing them to gain their vantage ground; from whence the Doctor tried a long shot at the buffalo, and succeeded in breaking one of its



fore-legs; a second shot killed it. As they neared the Zambesi, near its confluence with the Kafue, they found the forest-clad plains more thickly abounding with large game. Hundreds of buffaloes and zebras grazed on the open spaces, and there stood feeding majestic elephants. Passing in the midst of them, the animals never stirred; buffaloes came trotting up to look at the oxen, and it was only by shooting one that the others retreated.

Most of the land on the banks of the river was cultivated, and the natives were seen busily at work in their gardens. At each village two men were supplied to conduct the travellers to the next. Thus on and on they went, for the most part received with kindness, but now and again threatened with an attack; but this hostile attitude was always found the result of some previous act of treachery done by black traders or slavers, which had rendered the natives suspicious.

At length Livingstone reached the Portuguese settlement of Quillimane, and six weeks later sailed in H.M. brig *Frolic*. Having been three years and a half without speaking English, and thirteen years only partially using it, the Doctor found the greatest difficulty in expressing himself. The one native he had taken on board with him, Sekwebu, soon became a great favourite with the officers and crew; but the many strange things he saw affected his mind, and

the sight of a steamer drove him quite mad. After attempting to spear one of the crew, he leaped overboard and was drowned. This was in the harbour of Mauritius. Sailing by the way of the Red Sea, England was reached on the 12th of December 1856.

## CHAPTER III.

### LIVINGSTONE.

AFTER staying little more than a year in England, Livingstone again sailed for Africa in the *Pearl*, for the purpose of exploring the Zambesi and its neighbouring regions. This time he went out not as a missionary, but as British Consul. He had with him a small steamer, called the *Ma-Robert*, for the navigation of the river, and he was accompanied by his brother Charles, Dr. Kirk, and two other gentlemen.

The east coast was reached in May 1858. Running up the river Luabo, and anchoring, the sections of the *Ma-Robert* were screwed together, then both vessels started to find the real entrance to the river Zambesi, which the Portuguese had kept secret, saying that Quillimane, sixty miles distant from the real mouth, was the principal entrance. This was speedily rectified by an examination being made of the three branches, and the decision that Kongone was the best. The party steamed into it, and saw a land

entirely new to them, and very beautiful. 'The giant vegetation of the tropics clothed the river banks; the towering screw palms shot lance-like towards the sky, but were softened and beautified by rich clinging garments of many-coloured parasites; and for twenty miles the river wound through luxuriant mangrove jungle. In the grassy glades were herds of buffaloes and antelopes. The loud note of the king-hunter rings through the woods, and the ibis, unaccustomed to the intrusion of steam-paddles on his family repasts, rushes away with an angry scream. So far all was beautiful; and broad fertile lands lie beyond the mangrove jungles, reaching from the Kongone to Mazaro, eighty miles in length, and fifty in breadth, admirably adapted for the growth of the sugar-cane, and capable of supplying all Europe with sugar.' The natives were wretched creatures, and were much astonished at the steamers, remarking that the *Pearl* was like a village.

At Mazaro a battle was witnessed between the Portuguese and a half-caste, named Bonga; and when Livingstone landed he found himself in the sickening smell, and among the mutilated bodies of the slain. This is not an unfrequent incident in African travel. On they went to Shupanga, where a one-storied house had been built overlooking the village. The lawn sloped down to the wide, island-dotted bosom of the Zambesi, and to the north stretched magnificent

forests and a range of blue hills. Years after this spot became sacred to our traveller, for under one of those noble trees on the lawn he was to dig his wife's grave.

They reached Tette in September, and when Livingstone landed, his faithful Makololo manifested the liveliest joy, rushing down to the water's edge to welcome him. From Tette the steamer went up the Shiré, along the banks of which the natives assembled, armed with bows and poisoned arrows, threatening to attack them. But when the Doctor explained to the chief that they had come neither to capture slaves nor to fight, but simply to open up a path by which his countrymen could ascend to buy their cotton, friendly relations were at once established.

The examination of the Kebrabasa Rapids and Falls by the party excited the liveliest curiosity of the natives, who could not understand what pleasure was to be found in the endurance of heat, labour, and fatigue, merely to look at a great feature of Nature. And a native Portuguese even told the Governor that the waters had risen and become turbid, because the Englishmen had done something to the river.

In March 1859 Livingstone started on his second exploration of the Shiré, and found the natives not only friendly, but willing to supply him with provisions. A few miles below those wonderful

Falls — which the Doctor had named Murchison's Falls — they made friends with one of the most remarkable of African chiefs, by name Chibisba. He had a very lofty idea of his own authority, and very gravely assured Livingstone that until his father's death he had been only an ordinary man. But directly he became chief he was conscious of a power passing into his head and down his back, therefore he knew he was clothed with authority and the possessor of wisdom; and from that time people feared and revered him. 'He mentioned this,' said the Doctor, 'as one would a fact in natural history; any doubt being quite out of the question.'

Passing in a northerly direction, the travellers journeyed through the Manganja country to Lake Shirwa, which latter they found a body of bitter water, abounding with fish, leeches, crocodiles, and hippopotami, but surrounded by the most beautiful country, on the east bounded by a chain of lofty mountains. The farther they advanced, more beautiful did the country appear, and unlike anything they had yet seen in Africa.

A third journey up the Shiré was made, with the object of becoming better acquainted with the people, and of reaching Lake Nyassa on foot. The Manganja country was found profusely watered, the explorers passing as many as seven brooks and a spring in one hour. 'This is the heart of Africa! The high lands

are well wooded, and many splendid trees grow on the water-courses. There are no wild beasts of a destructive kind, and the country is admirably adapted for domestic animals. The people are very industrious; they work in iron, cotton, and basket-making, and cultivate the soil extensively. They are gentle and punctiliously polite. They are, unfortunately, much given to intoxication; and have certain ideas of personal adornment to which it is impossible to be reconciled. Tattooing, nose-rings, ear-rings of every kind and degree of grotesqueness. All are endurable in comparison with the *pelele*, a ring of bone or tin, three inches in diameter, inserted in the upper lip, with a thin rim of flesh all round it. It has a ludicrous effect, too, as though the girl were adroitly holding a circular shaving-glass between her teeth.' Their religious conceptions were somewhat vague. 'We live,' they said, 'only a few days here, but we live again after death. We do not know where, or in what condition, or with what companions, for the dead never return to tell us. Sometimes the dead do come back, and appear to us in dreams; but they never speak, nor tell us where they have gone, nor how they fare.'

So day after day, and month after month, with unwearied zeal and patient endurance, did Livingstone explore fresh countries, adding increasingly to our knowledge of that wonderful continent, until the year

1866, when he commenced his last series of journeys, from which he never again returned. Reports of his death by murder floated now and again to the coast, and were transmitted to England, and at one time were almost universally credited. But there were many that could not believe that the great traveller had passed away.

On May the 18th, 1866, his last letter was received at the Foreign Office. He had crossed the Rovuma at a place called Ngomano, 300 miles inland, where the Loendi, coming from the mountains to the east of Lake Nyassa, joins the first-mentioned river. Here he stayed for some time with a friendly chief. Beyond this point no white man had ever yet penetrated, and to do so at this time was dangerous, as all the country round about was overrun by the Mafite. But the Doctor resolved to push on, although many of his party deserted him, fearful of the perils which awaited them among such hostile natives. But no news arrived, and his friends grew anxious. Suddenly his Johanna men made their appearance at Zanzibar, with the news of their leader's death.

Their news was to this effect: the Doctor was marching at the head of his party, when he was suddenly attacked by a band of Mafite, armed with broad-bladed spears and axes, and Livingstone, receiving a blow on the back of the neck, fell dead. The Johanna men threw down their burdens, and hid



themselves in the thickets. One, Moosa, being behind a tree close at hand, watched the foe partially strip the body, and when all was safe, called his companions to him. With their sticks they dug a shallow grave in the sand, and there buried the great traveller.

Many discredited this story,—believed it a pure invention of the Johanna men,—and various expeditions were sent out for the purpose of conveying relief to the lost traveller, or confirming the story of his death. The honour of finding him rested with H. M. Stanley. His generous employer, James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *New York Herald*, being in Paris, telegraphed to him at Madrid. And when in response he made his appearance, he was told to go and ‘find Livingstone.’ Starting from Zanzibar in February 1871, with infinite difficulty he penetrated to that part of Africa where it was known the Doctor had been. Buoyed with hope of success, and yet at times fearful that all his efforts would be of no avail, the young and intrepid adventurer made his way, overcoming all obstacles and surmounting all difficulties.

It was early in November 1871, that Stanley met a caravan on its way to Unyanyembe, the leader of which informed him that he had seen a white man only eight days before at Ujiji, that the stranger wore the same kind of clothes as Mr. Stanley, and the

hair on his face was white. How the heart of the American must have throbbed as he heard this news, and how his hope of realizing the object of his journey must have received added strength; for the white stranger could be none other than Livingstone himself. With added energy the march was resumed, and soon the country called Uhha was gained; and at Kawunga a halt was called, for here resided a chief who said he was authorized to collect a toll from all passing caravans, for the king of the country. The toll was paid, and the traveller was given to understand that it would be the last demanded before reaching Ujiji; but on the following morning scarcely had he advanced an hour on his way, when he was stopped by an armed band, which demanded two bales as a further tribute. Argument was of no use, the cloth had to be paid, and on the following day more was again exacted. Fearing to be robbed of all he possessed, Stanley determined to make a bold move, to escape from all further taxes. Obtaining a guide, at night he quietly mustered his forces, and sent them on four at a time, and then took his way through a bamboo jungle, hoping to find a short cut to Ujiji, one which would make it unnecessary for him to stay at any village. In this he succeeded admirably, and on the 10th of November gained the top of a lofty hill, and there below him lay the town of Ujiji, 'embowered in palms, with the tiny waves of the silver Tanganyika rolling at its feet.'

The men were ordered to unfurl the flags, and load their guns, then a volley roared over the valley, again and again repeated; the inhabitants were aroused, and, hurrying from their huts, thronged up the hill, shouting their cry of welcome, 'Yambo bana! Yambo bana!' and yelling with delight at the sight of the American flag, borne aloft at the head of the procession. In the midst of the hubbub, and when within three hundred yards of the village, Stanley was startled by a voice close to his ear, exclaiming,—

'Good morning, sir!' Turning, he saw a man arrayed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head.

'Who the mischief are you?' is his inquiry.

'I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone.'

'What! is Dr. Livingstone here?'

'Yes, sir.'

'In this village?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Are you sure?'

'Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now.'

Soon another voice is heard, saying, 'Good morning, sir!' This was Chumah, another of the Doctor's servants.

As the caravan wended its way into the town, Stanley saw, standing in the centre of a group of Arabs, in front of a house, a white man with a grey beard. He must be the first to greet the Doctor.

He commanded his people to halt, and 'I pushed back the crowds,' he says, 'and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with a grey beard. As I advanced slowly towards him, I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a grey beard, wore a bluish cap, with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob,—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately up to him, took off my hat, and said,—

“Dr. Livingstone, I presume?”

“Yes,” said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

‘I replaced my hat on my head, and he put on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and I then say aloud,—

“I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.”

‘He answered, “I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.”’

Stanley was then introduced by Livingstone to the Arabs who stood around, and afterwards conducting him to his house, made him sit on his own particular

seat in the verandah, and, seating himself by his side, began a conversation which lasted till night gradually closed around them. The letter-bag, long due, was produced, and the Doctor, opening it, took a hasty glance at its contents, reading, with beaming face, one or two of his children's letters; then putting the rest aside, he heard from Stanley the great events which had transpired in Europe since he had been hidden away in the depths of Africa.

The great traveller's heart was touched by the fact that an American, whom he had never seen, should, at his own cost, when all others believed him dead, have sent out a man to search for him, and bring him the relief he so sorely needed, and, in a letter to Mr. Bennett, he says: 'I came to Ujiji off a tramp of between 400 and 500 miles, beneath a blazing vertical sun, having been baffled, worried, defeated, and forced to return, when almost in sight of the end of the geographical part of my mission, by a number of half-caste Moslem slaves, sent to me from Zanzibar, instead of men. The sore heart, made still sorer by the truly woful sights I had seen of "man's inhumanity to man," reacted on the bodily frame, and depressed it beyond measure. I thought that I was dying on my feet. It is not too much to say that almost every step of the weary, sultry way, I was in pain; and I reached Ujiji a mere ruckle of bones. . . . Your kindness made my frame thrill. It was indeed overwhelming, and I said in my

soul, "Let the richest blessings descend from the Highest on you and yours."

He was asked whether he did not desire, after his six years' labours, to re-visit England, and take some rest; and he replied, 'I would like very much to go home, and see my children once again; but I cannot bring my heart to abandon the task I have undertaken, when it is so nearly completed. . . . Why should I go home before my task is ended, to have to come back again to do what I can very well do now?'

After ten days of pleasant intercourse, which seem to have revived the spirits of the great traveller, and to have infused new vigour and courage, the two friends explored the northern half of Lake Tanganyika. Then Livingstone accompanied Stanley some distance on his homeward way, and at Unyanyembe bade him farewell.

The profound impression made by the heroic traveller upon his young companion, during this season of mutual intercourse, no after events could efface. 'The very name of Livingstone,' he says, 'has a charm in it for me. I loved him as a son, and would have done anything worthy of the most filial. The image of him will never be obliterated from my memory. It is so green with me when I think of the parting with him, that I almost fancy, sometimes, that it is palpable. To his children he has bequeathed a rich legacy of love and virtue, goodness and honour, worth far more

than this world's wealth.' And years afterwards he said :—

'I have been in Africa seventeen years, and I never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands. What has been wanted, and what I have been endeavouring to ask for the poor Africans, has been the good offices of Christians, ever since Livingstone taught me, during those four months that I was with him. In 1871, I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. To a reporter and correspondent, such as I, who had only to deal with wars, mass meetings, and political gatherings, sentimental matters were entirely out of my province. But there came for me a long time for reflection. I was out there, away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, "How on earth does he stop here? is he cracked, or what? What is it that inspires him?" For months after we met I simply found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the Bible—"Leave all things, and follow Me." But little by little his sympathy for others became contagious; my sympathy was aroused. Seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it. How sad that the good old man should have died so soon! How joyful he would have been if he could have seen what has happened here!'

Stanley was the last white man that Livingstone ever beheld. When he parted from him at Unyanyembe, he was still weak and ailing, and the country he passed through—in the unhealthy season—was sufficient to tax the strength of a far more robust man; and it told heavily upon him. The rainy season had set in, and he was obliged to wade, rather than walk, amid swamps, and blind streams, filled with rushes and tall grass; especially was this the case on the borders of Lake Bemba, where the land was scarcely distinguishable from the lake itself. At length, when passing through the country of Ukabende, to the south-west of the lake, he was compelled to tell his favourite boy, Majwara, that he was unable to go on. He would cross the hills to Katanga, obtain ivory, and return to Ujiji and rest.

Soon the Doctor was obliged to give up walking and take to riding; but this also proved too laborious, and he had to be carried on a kitinda, a native bedstead. The conviction had no doubt come to him that this 'sickness was unto death.' His faithful Nassick boys kept very close to him in his last days, especially Majwara and Susi were unfailing in their attendance. 'If one of them was ill,' they said, 'in the course of their journeyings, he always waited for him; but when he himself fell ill or weak, he would push forward, and never think of stopping.' In all their travels he had proved a good master, and



they returned his kindness with unfailing gratitude, and well deserved to be called by him 'good boys.'

In these last days the Doctor suffered much pain and rejected all food. 'I shall never see my river again,' he remarked to Susi; and truly so, for the end was fast drawing near. Arriving at Ilala, the Sultan over the district refused him permission to remain, and he was compelled to go back three hours' journey towards Kabende. Here he could proceed no farther. He frequently prayed, and desired to be left alone. His faithful followers erected a hut, and fenced it round to secure privacy. They hovered round this last resting-place, once a day looking in at the door to say, 'Yambo bana'—'good morning.' Gradually he grew worse, and his attendant, Majwara, becoming alarmed, told his companions of their good master's serious condition. They all immediately went to the hut, and 'passing inside they looked towards the bed. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backwards for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, "When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead." They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time. The men drew nearer. A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see

his form. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed,—his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands, upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him. He did not stir. There was no sign of breathing. Then one of them advanced softly to him, and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient,—life had been extinct for some time, and the body was almost cold. Livingstone was dead. His sad-hearted servants raised him tenderly up and laid him full length on the bed; then, carefully covering him up, they went out into the damp night air to consult together.’

Thus, alone and far away from all kindred and friends, died the greatest of our modern African explorers. His fame is now world-wide. No detracting word has ever been cast upon his memory; the sincerity of his purpose, the unselfishness of his life, his self-sacrificing labours, and the lofty aim which governed all his actions, were such as to command the admiration of all.

Awed and frightened at the death of their beloved master, his faithful boys at first knew not what to do; some were for burying the body, but others said there would be no proof of Livingstone’s death if that were done. It was finally decided to carry the body to Zanzibar. The death was kept secret until the necessary preparations were made. The more perishable portions of the great traveller’s remains were

deposited in a box and buried at the foot of a large tree, and the burial service read over them from Livingstone's own Prayer Book. The body was then exposed to the sun for five days, until thoroughly dry, when it was covered with bark and made into a package as unlike a corpse as possible. In this fashion it was carried with much difficulty to the coast, and transported to England, where it was received with all honours, and finally found a resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

## CHAPTER IV.

### DU CHAILLU.

A QUITE different traveller to the renowned Doctor was Paul du Chaillu, whose explorations were confined to western equatorial Africa, and principally to the regions bordering the Gaboon River. The banks of the Gaboon itself are inhabited by the Skekianis, the Bulus, and Mpongwés. The two former are despised by the other negroes, and especially by the Mpongwés; they live a savage life in the woods and are addicted to the most grovelling superstitions. The Mpongwés are a far superior race, but have an intense love of finery, and on Sunday deck themselves out in the most ridiculous fashion, and go strutting about as vain as peacocks. They have also a passionate desire to be considered wealthy, and no sooner do they obtain a little money, than they invest it in a large bunch of keys to make their neighbours believe they possess a number of boxes and coffer filled with riches, and therefore worth keeping locked. Their highest ambition is to become great men in

their tribe, have a number of wives, plenty of rum, credit with a white trader, and wear tall 'stove-pipe hats.' Christianity has been introduced among them, but makes little progress. It may be embraced in theory, but in practice is seldom carried out.

Between the Gaboon and Ogoway Rivers, dwell the Fans, a somewhat remarkable people. Their original home was farther in the interior; but year after year, some irresistible impulse has driven them farther westwards, and now it is calculated that in a comparatively short space of time the other tribes of the Gaboon will have disappeared, and the Fans be the dominant people. They have gained an unenviable notoriety as cannibals; but as every year brings them in closer contact with the French, the practice is gradually dying out. They are an ingenious race of people, being 'skilled in many arts, such as smithery, formerly fashioning their own weapons, amongst which were very sharp and poisoned arrows. Now, however, they have mostly taken to English matchlocks, and dirks manufactured by themselves.' It is sad to think that through their intercourse with the European, their moral character has deteriorated; they have become thievish, cunning, and indolent.

It was among these tribes that du Chaillu resided, and in his account of his travels, has given us some vivid pictures of life on the Gaboon. We can

only select one or two with which to interest our readers :—

‘While I was in the Gaboon, old King Glass died. He had long been ailing, but stuck to his life with a determined tenacity, which almost bade fair to cheat death. He was a disagreeable old heathen; but, in his last days, became very devout—after his fashion. His idol was always freshly painted, and brightly decorated; his fetish was the best-cared-for fetish in Africa; and every few days some great doctor was brought down from the interior, and paid a large fee for advising the old king. He was afraid of witchcraft,—thought everybody wanted to put him out of the way by bewitching him; and in this country your doctor does not try to cure your sickness, his business is to keep off the witches.

‘The tribe had grown tired of their king. They thought, indeed, that he was himself a most potent and evil-disposed wizard; and, though the matter was not openly talked about, there were few natives who would pass his house after night, and none would be tempted inside by any slighter provocation than an irresistible jug of rum. Indeed, if he had not belonged to one of the most noble families of the Mpongwé tribe, I think he would perhaps have been killed, so rife was suspicion against him.

‘When he became ill at last, everybody seemed very sorry; but several told me in confidence, that

the whole town hoped he would die; and die he did. I was awakened one morning early, by the mournful cries and wails with which the African oftener assumes a sham sorrow than eases a real grief. All the town seemed lost in tears. The mourning and wailing lasted six days. On the second, the old king was secretly buried. The Mpongwé kings are always buried by a few of the most trustworthy men of the tribe, in a spot which they only know of, and which is for ever hidden from all others. This custom arises from a vain belief of the Mpongwé, that, as they are the most able and intelligent people of Africa, the other tribes would like much to get the head of one of their kings, with the brains of which to make a powerful fetish. Such an advantage they are not willing to give to their neighbours.

‘During the days of mourning, the old men of the village busied themselves in choosing a new king. This also is a secret operation. The choice is made in private, and communicated to the populace only on the seventh day, when the new king is to be crowned. But the king is kept ignorant of his good fortune to the last.

‘It happened that Njogoni, a good friend of my own, was elected. The choice fell on him, in part because he came of good family, but chiefly because he was a favourite of the people, and could get the most votes. I do not know that Njogoni had the

slightest suspicion of his elevation. At any rate, if he had, he shammed ignorance very well. As he was walking on the shore, on the morning of the seventh day, he was suddenly set upon by the entire populace, who proceeded to a ceremony which is preliminary to the crowning; and which must deter any but the most ambitious men from aspiring to the crown. They surrounded him in a dense crowd, and then began to heap upon him every manner of abuse that the worst of mobs could imagine. Some spit in his face; some beat him with their fists; some kicked him; others threw disgusting objects at him; while those unlucky ones who stood on the outside, and could reach the poor fellow only with their voices, assiduously cursed him, his father, his mother, his sisters and brothers, and all his ancestors, to the remotest generation. A stranger would not have given a cent for the life of him who was presently to be crowned.

‘Amid all the noise and struggle, I caught the words which explained all this to me; for every few minutes some fellow, administering an especially severe blow or kick, would shout out, “You are not our king yet; for a little while we will do what we please with you. By and by we shall have to do your will.”’

Njogoni bore himself like a man, and a prospective king. He kept his temper, and took all the



abuse with a smiling face. When it had lasted about half an hour, they took him to the house of the old king. Here he was seated, and became again, for a little while, the victim of his people's curses.

Silence followed, and presently the silk hat, which is the emblem of Mpongwé royalty, was brought in and placed on Njogoni's head. He was then dressed in a red gown, and received the greatest marks of respect from all who had just now abused him.

Now followed a six days' festival, during which the poor king, who had taken with the office also the name of the deceased, was obliged to receive his subjects in his own house, and was not allowed to stir out: six days of indescribable gorging of food and bad rum—of beastly drunkenness and uproarious festivity. Numbers of strangers came in from surrounding villages to pay their respects; and all brought more rum, more palm-wine, and more food. Everything that tended towards festivity was given away, and all who came were welcome.

When Mpomo, king of the Goumbi tribe, died, it was, of course, believed his death had resulted from witchcraft; and, on the day he was buried, a celebrated witch doctor was brought up from the river to discover the guilty persons. This is done by the doctor himself drinking some of the ordeal poison, under the

influence of which he is supposed to learn, by divination, whom they are. This was done in the present instance. All the people were mad with excitement, and frantic with the desire for revenge. In the centre of the town, the doctor gathered all the people around him, armed with all sorts of weapons, and thirsting for the moment to begin. Silence being obtained, the doctor, in a harsh voice, named three women whom he said were guilty; as each name was uttered, the crowd seized the victim, and hurried her to the river-bank, and there bound her hand and foot. When the three had been safely secured, the doctor himself walked to the river-bank, where he recited, in a loud voice, the acts of sorcery of which they had been guilty; at each accusation the people cursed aloud, even their relatives were compelled to join in the horrible cries. Then the victims were put into a large canoe; the doctor, executioners, and a number of people, all armed, also entered. This was all done to the noise of savage music. The poison was prepared. The late king's eldest brother held the fatal cup. The cup was offered to each, and as each drank the people shouted, 'If they are witches, let the mbroundou (poison) kill them; if they are innocent, let the mbroundou go out.' A dead silence followed. Suddenly one woman fell down, then a second, then a third; almost before they could touch the bottom of the canoe, their heads were hacked off. Then commenced a horrible scene of hewing and

hacking; the bodies were cut in small pieces, and thrown into the river. The crowd dispersed, and for the rest of the day silence reigned over the whole town.

When far up the Gaboon River, dwelling in the Fan country, du Chaillu heard most wonderful stories of the gorilla, stories which would almost lead one to imagine the creature possessed human attributes. Its strength, it was said, was so tremendous that even the lordly lion was afraid to encounter it, and had retired from that part of the country. Desirous of shooting one of these monsters, our traveller, well attended, started early one morning with the intention of trying his fortune in an encounter.

The country was very rough, hilly, and densely wooded; hour after hour the party pushed their way through an almost impenetrable forest, hoping to find the very home of the gorilla, but nothing rewarded their efforts; for the most part a silence reigned, only occasionally broken by the chattering of small monkeys, or the voice of birds. Suddenly one of our traveller's men uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, a signal to attract attention, also to keep a sharp look-out,—at the same moment a noise, as of breaking of twigs and branches of trees, was heard. This was the gorilla.

Caution was now necessary. The muskets were

carefully examined, to see that the powder had not fallen out of the pans, then the march was silently resumed. The breaking of branches was still heard. The faces of the men became grave, as nearer and nearer they approached to their unseen foe, proving they were fully conscious of the gravity of the undertaking. Suddenly the oppressive silence was broken by the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla, then the under-bush swayed rapidly, and in another moment, not a dozen yards from them, they stood face to face to an immense male. It had been going through the forest on all fours, but, when it saw the hunters, had erected itself, and looked at them boldly.

The whole party came to a halt. The gorilla's appearance was terrific, it stood 'nearly six feet high, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring, large, deep grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face.' Far from being afraid, it stood beating its breast with its huge fists,—which made it sound like an immense brass drum,—its mode of offering defiance, at the same time giving vent to roar after roar.

'The roar of the gorilla,' says our traveller, is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally

resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it when I did not see the animal. So deep is it, that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.'

As it stood on the defensive, the eyes of the animal seemed to flash fiercer fire, the hair on the forehead twitched up and down, while its powerful fangs were shown as it again sent forth a roar. Advancing a few steps, it sent forth another roar; finally, it stopped within six yards, and began beating its breast just as the party fired and killed it. With a groan it fell forward on its face, a few convulsions of the body, and the monster lay dead. It proved to be five feet eight inches in height, while the arms and breasts showed immense muscular development, that made it even possible that some of the stories told of its strength might be true.

On another occasion, when out hunting, one of du Chaillu's party pursued a gorilla by himself into a very lonely and gloomy part of the forest. Suddenly he met one face to face, that advanced upon him, evidently with hostile intentions. The man took a quick, and, as he said, good aim and fired; the ball merely wounded it in the side, but excited it to the utmost rage. It beat its hairy chest and was upon

the poor hunter before he could load and fire again ; with one blow it dashed the gun from his hand, and with the next struck him downwards, fearfully lacerating his body, then, seizing the gun, almost flattened the barrel between its strong jaws. When found by the rest of the party, the poor fellow was insensible, and, though every care was taken of him, died soon after.

## CHAPTER V.

### CAPTAIN SPEKE.

CAPTAIN SPEKE had seen service in India under Lord Gough before he became an African explorer; but while travelling in the Himalaya Mountains he formed the project of penetrating into Africa, visiting the Mountains of the Moon, and descending the Nile. Having obtained a long furlough, and learning that an expedition, under the command of Lieutenant Burton, was about to be sent by the Indian Government to explore the Somali country, he offered his services, and was accepted. It was proposed that the expedition should follow the route taken by the caravans which went through the country to the only port and chief market, Berbera. This was accordingly done. The necessary camels and horses having been secured, the party encamped at Berbera, which at that season was completely destitute of inhabitants. Resting here, as they thought, in perfect security, they were one night surprised by a large band of

robbers. A conflict ensued, one of their number was killed, and Speke, after being severely wounded, made prisoner. While in this helpless condition, one of the assailants was about to run him through the body with his spear, when, jumping up, with his bound hands he contrived to knock his would-be slayer down, and made good his escape to the sea-shore, which he found his companions had already reached; here a vessel took them on board and conveyed them to Aden.

Nothing daunted by the disastrous failure of this expedition, Speke had no sooner recovered, than he volunteered to accompany Lieutenant Burton on a survey expedition to the neighbourhood of the Mountains of the Moon, where, it was said, existed an extensive lake. Arriving at Zanzibar, they crossed to Kaole on the mainland, June 1857; and there collecting together their baggage-animals, commenced their adventurous journey. The first 500 miles were performed with comparative ease. It is true they were annoyed by the natives, and toll exacted from them by all the chiefs whose villages or towns they passed through. Cazé they found to be a central trading depôt, occupied by Arab merchants; here they gathered what information they could of Lake Nyanza. Here, too, they were put to great inconvenience from the desertion of all their porters,



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who, finding themselves in their native country, took the opportunity of leaving the travellers without first asking leave. It was difficult to supply their places; and to add to their difficulties, Burton fell dangerously ill, and, believing he should die unless moved, Speke had him carried to a place called Zimbili, where after a time he recovered.

One hundred and fifty miles farther due west, they came in sight of the lovely Tanganyika Lake, and every heart rejoiced and every voice expressed pleasure as they stood on its shore and gazed upon its smooth unruffled surface, and the crescent-shaped mountains which overhung its northern half. All saw except Speke himself, who, from sleeping on the ground when his system was reduced by fever, caught cold in his eyes, which resulted in inflammation so severe, that it brought on almost total blindness. They found the sides of the lake thickly peopled by negro tribes, among others that of the Wabembe cannibals, who were so dreaded, that even the Arabs who frequented the lake were afraid to venture in their midst. The waters of the lake itself were sweet, and abounded with fine fish. Taking up their abode in a deserted house, at a small village called Kawéle, they were much annoyed by the chief, who proved both tyrannical and extortionate; so, hurrying from the unpleasant neighbourhood, they went by canoe to Ujiji.

At Ujiji, Burton, too sick to move, remained, while Speke, hiring a canoe, set out to explore the lake. The canoe had not proceeded far when it was caught in a storm, and obliged to be steered to shore, where they remained for two days, then, re-embarking, steered southwards. On and on the crew paddled, disturbing both hippopotami and crocodile, who appeared to resent the intrusion into their watery domain; many parts of the shore were found deserted and desolate from the raids of the slave-hunter. Let us copy a few paragraphs from one of the travellers' notes:—

‘At night, Speke’s tent is pitched; the men build huts for themselves with boughs, covering the top with grass; two men at the most occupying the hut. When it rains they are covered by their mats, but, as they are all stark naked, the rain can do them no harm. They are delayed again by another storm. The superstitious Captain will answer no questions, for fear of offending the *agaga*, or church, whilst at sea; he dreads especially to talk of places of departure and arrival, for fear ill luck should overtake them. Fourteen hours are occupied in crossing the lake, when they reach a group of islands belonging to Sultan Casanga. The sailors and his people fraternize, and enjoy a day of rest and idleness. At night they are attacked by a host of small black beetles, one of which gets into Speke’s ear, and causes him fearful pain, biting its way

in, and by no means can he extract it. It, however, acts as a counter-irritant, and draws away the inflammation from his eyes.

‘The population of the neighbouring shore is considerable; the inhabitants living in mushroom huts, and cultivating manive, sweet potato, and maize, and various vegetables. The people dress in monkey-skins, the animals’ heads hanging in front, and the tails depending below. They are very inquisitive, and, by their jabberings and pointings, incessantly, want Speke to show everything he possesses. He gets away the next day, and reaches a fish market, in the little island of Kabizia, in time to breakfast on a large, black-backed, scaleless monster, the *signa*. The sailors, considering it delicious, are disinclined to move on.

‘Again detained by a high wind, they cross, at noon on the 11th March, to Kasenge, where Sheikh Hamer, an Arab merchant, receives Speke with warm and generous hospitality. His house is built with good substantial walls of mud, and roofed with rafters and brushwood; the whole being conveniently partitioned off, to separate his wife and other belongings, with an ante-room for general business. His object in coming to this remote district is to purchase ivory, slaves, and other commodities. Slavery is the curse of this beautiful region. Here, for a loin-cloth or two, a mother offers eagerly to sell one of her offspring, and deliver it

into perpetual bondage to his Belooch soldiers. Whole villages are destroyed, in the most remorseless manner, by the slave-hunters, to obtain their victims. The chiefs of the interior are as fond of gain as those on the coast, and this sets one against the other, for the sake of obtaining slaves to sell.

Returning to Ujiji, Speke finds 'Captain Burton is somewhat recovered, and, though unfit to travel, insists on starting in the canoe to explore the head of the lake,—the chief, Kannina, offering to accompany them. Their object is to examine the river which is said to fall into it. They start in two canoes, the chief and Captain Burton being in the largest. In eight days they arrive at Uvira. The chief, however, will go no farther, knowing that the savages of the Warundi are his enemies. He confirms the statement that the Rusizi River runs into the lake. The black native crews are never tired of testing their respective strength. They paddle away, dashing up the water whenever they succeed in coming near each other, and delighting in drenching the travellers with the spray. Their great pleasure appears in torturing others, with impunity to themselves. They, however, wear mantles of goat-skins in dry weather; but, as soon as rain comes on, they wrap them up, and place them in their loads, standing meantime trembling like dogs which have just emerged from the water. In no part of

Africa have they seen such splendid vegetation as covers this basin, from the mountain-tops to the shores.'

The lake was supposed to be three hundred and eighty miles long, and thirty to forty miles broad.

Returning to Ujiji, they made their way back to Cazé, where they heard from an Arab an account of a journey to Lake Nyanza, which so fired Speke's imagination, that nothing would do but that he himself must make his way to it. Accordingly, in July 1858, he set off, with a caravan consisting of ten porters, or *pagazis*, and a number of Belooch soldiers. He passed through forests of considerable extent, and sometimes ran short of provisions, which he was unable to purchase for want of coloured beads, possessing only white, which were at a discount. At one place he found the country governed by a Sultana, an old lady, short of stature and squat of figure, and eyes destitute of either lashes or brows; arrayed in a dirty robe, with her fingers covered with rings of copper wire, and her legs with anklets of brass. On her arms were solid brass rings, and from other wire bracelets depended a number of ornaments. After shaking hands with Speke, she felt him all over, greatly wondering at his dress. She was generous enough to present him with a bullock, and, as he could not remain to receive it, she promised to send it on to

him. In some instances he had to make a long detour from his proper course, to avoid tribes that were engaged in warfare.

After passing through a rich country, and leaving the village of Isamiro, he ascended a hill, from the brow of which the pale blue waters of the Nyanza burst upon his sight. The scene was lovely in the extreme, and Speke writes of it in glowing terms.

‘The islands, each swelling in a gentle slope to a rounded summit, clothed with wood, between the rugged, angular, closely-cropping rocks of granite, seen mirrored in the calm surface of the lake, on which is here and there detected the small black speck—the tiny canoe of some Muanza fisherman. On the gentle shelving plain below me, blue smoke curled above the trees, which here and there partially concealed villages and hamlets; their brown thatched roofs contrasting with the emerald green of the beautiful milk-bush, the coral branches of which clustered in such profusion round the cottages, and formed alleys and hedgerows about the villages, as ornamental as our garden shrub in England.’ To this magnificent lake, Speke gave the name of Victoria Nyanza. Not being able to obtain any canoes to make further explorations, he had to content himself with gathering all the information he could respecting the lake, and then return to Cazé, from whence Burton and himself set off for

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Zanzibar, and from thence to England, very much pleased with their expedition.

Again Speke, this time with Captain Grant, is in Africa. Starting from Zanzibar, our explorers, with the difficulties, toils, and dangers incident to African travel, finally came to the kingdom of Uganda, ruled over by King Mtésa, — a potentate whose name is familiar to English ears. This kingdom, more than eight generations back, was regarded as the garden of Unyoro, from its exceeding fertility; and the people called Wiru, or slaves, because they were compelled to supply the Government with food and clothing. Coffee was sent to the capital, and bark cloaks (*mbégu*) made from an inexhaustible fig-tree. But at the period above named, a sportsman, called Uganda, suddenly appeared with dogs, a woman, a spear, and a shield. Successful in hunting, he attracted to him a number of the inhabitants; and, becoming much attached to him, entreated him to become their king. He refused at first, saying they already had one. ‘Of what avail to us is our present king,’ they retorted, ‘living so far away, that when we sent him a cow as a tributary offering; that cow, on the journey, gave a calf, and the calf became a cow, and gave another calf, and so on, and yet the present has not reached its destination?’ Then the man consented, and the people, hearing his name, said, ‘Well, let it be so; and for the

future let this country between the Nile and Katonga be called Uganda ; and let your name be Kiméra, the first king of Uganda.' This, according to tradition, was the origin of the kingdom.

The new king ruled with a high hand, exacting the most servile homage from his people ; any violation of the laws he made, or infringement of the minutest etiquette, would entail the sentence of death ; sometimes such punishments were commuted by fines of cattle, goats, fowls, or brass wire. But to stand before the king, to touch his throne or clothes, even by accident, or to look upon one of his women, was instantly punished by death ; and, should his military officers be defeated in battle, death by torture was the penalty. ' The pages of the court all wore turbans of cord, made from aloe fibres. Should a wife commit any trifling indiscretion, either by word or deed, she is condemned to execution on the spot, bound by the pages, and dragged out. Since the founder of the kingdom's death, seven other kings had in turn ruled over Uganda, the prosperity of which had never decreased.'

After many vexatious and annoying delays, Speke at last found himself in the presence of the king, and found him ' a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, sitting on a red blanket, spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well dressed in a new bark



cloak. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern like a cock's-comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring, of beautifully-worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colours. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised; and on the other, a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper rings; and above the ankles, half-way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way. For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain-wine, which his ladies in waiting administered to him.

At a subsequent interview, Speke was desired by the king to show him a proof of his skill in shooting, four cows being driven before him for that purpose; with a revolver pistol, in four shots, he despatched three and wounded one, which, turning viciously upon him, he quieted with the contents of the fifth barrel. This feat gave unbounded pleasure to the swarthy monarch, who immediately put a loaded carbine, on full-cock, into the hand of one of his boy pages, and told him to go out and shoot a man. The

youngster did as he was told, and coming back gleefully announced his success. Said the king, 'Did you do it well?' 'Oh yes, capitally,' was the reply. Human life in Uganda is reckoned very cheaply.

While dwelling within the precincts of the king's palace, our traveller saw daily as many as three of the palace women led away to execution, tied by the hands, each dragged along by one of the bodyguard, and crying out as they went to their doom, 'O my lord!' 'My king!' 'My mother!' at the top of their voices, with despair; and yet no one dared run to their assistance, however much their fate might be deplored.

A specimen of royal justice was one day afforded our traveller when visiting the king; a posse of officers dragged in an old man with both ears shorn off, and a young woman, who had been discovered in his dwelling. They were brought for judgment. It appeared that the plaintiff had lost the woman four days before, and, after a vigorous search, had found her hiding in the old man's hut. One would have said the poor girl had run away from her master because of ill-treatment, so wretched was her appearance, and, without asking leave, had put herself under the defendant's protection; but their defence was unheeded, the king instantly sentencing both to death;

and, that the example might produce more effect, it was decreed that their lives should be preserved as long as possible, and they be dismembered bit by bit, and serve as food for vultures, until life should end. There was no appeal; the criminals were dragged away, their cries of despair drowned by loud music.

Once only had Speke the good fortune to save a victim from the king's wrath. He had been with Mtésa and a number of his wives for an excursion, on the waters of Lake Nyanza; everything had passed off agreeably, until having landed, and while passing through the trees, the youngest and prettiest of the royal wives plucked some fruit and offered it to the king, no doubt, by this little attention, thinking to please him; but great was the despotic monarch's wrath, who declared it was the first time a woman had ever dared to offer him anything, and he immediately ordered his pages to seize, bind, and lead her off to execution. In vain the poor creature remonstrated with the king and drove off the pages; she was soon seized, overcome, and dragged away, calling for help. All the other women fell at the king's feet, and, clasping his legs, implored forgiveness for their sister. But the more they pleaded, the more brutal he became, and at last took a heavy stick and struck his victim on the head. This was too much for our traveller; he

rushed at the king, and, seizing his uplifted arm, demanded from him the woman's life. ' It was a rash action, for the royal wrath might have turned upon himself ; but for once the tyrant yielded, and that, too, with a smile. The woman's life was spared.

## CHAPTER VI

SIR SAMUEL BAKER AND COMMANDER CAMERON.

ABOUT the time that Speke and Grant were working their way towards the unknown sources of the Nile, Sir Samuel Baker was toiling in the exploration of the Abyssinian tributaries of the same river. Accompanied by his heroic wife, who bravely faced and endured all the dangers and privations incident to African travel, he started from Cairo, early in 1861, on his memorable journey. Many were the incidents and adventures he experienced, some amusing and others the reverse.

Plunging into the Nubian Desert, the desolate and arid scenery was felt to be overpoweringly depressing in its influence: one vast extent of yellow sand, rows of broken hills, all of volcanic origin; hills of black basalt jutting out from the barren base of sand, the hot air quivering on the surface; now a dead level plain, strewn with boulders resembling cannon shot, volcanic bombs, not a vestige of vegetation—barren, withering desolation. This passed, still greater

desolation. 'Far as the eye could reach were waves like a stormy sea; grey, cold-looking waves in the burning heat, but no drop of water; it appeared as though a sudden curse had turned a raging sea to stone. The simoom blew over this horrible wilderness, and drifted the hot sand into the crevices of the rocks, and the camels drooped their heads before the suffocating wind; but still the caravan noiselessly crept along over the rocky undulations, until the stormy sea was passed: once more we were upon a boundless plain of sand and pebbles.'

Mooiähd, 'the bitter well,' was found to be a mournful spot, and most appropriately called the 'camel's grave.' The well was simply an extinct crater containing water, but salt and bitter. All around lay skeletons of camels, heaps of parched skin and bone, which had perished from thirst. There being no flies, therefore no worms to devour the carcases, this work was done by crows; these sextons were so experienced in their work, that they would surround a dying camel, and wait patiently till it drew its last breath. In a diary kept by Sir Samuel, he gives an account of a regiment of soldiers perishing from thirst in this fearful desert.

'Many years ago,' he says, 'when the Egyptian troops first conquered Nubia, a regiment was destroyed by thirst in crossing the desert. The men, being upon

a limited allowance of water, suffered from extreme thirst, and deceived by the appearance of a mirage that exactly resembled a beautiful lake, they insisted upon being taken to its banks by the Arab guide. It was in vain that the guide assured them that the lake was unreal, and he refused to lose the precious time by wandering from his course. Words led to blows, and he was killed by the soldiers, whose lives depended upon his guidance. The whole regiment turned from the track, and rushed towards the welcome waters. Thirsty and faint, over the burning sands they hurried—heavier and heavier their footsteps became—hotter and hotter their breath, as deeper they pushed into the desert—farther and farther from the lost track where the pilot lay in his blood; and still the mocking spirits of the desert, the effects of the mirage, led them on, and the lake glistening in the sunshine tempted them to bathe in its cool waters, close to their eyes, but never their lips. At length the delusion vanished,—the fatal lake had turned to burning sand! Raging thirst and horrible despair! the pathless desert and the murdered guide! lost! lost! all! Not a man ever left the desert, but they were subsequently discovered, parched and withered corpses, by the Arabs sent upon the search.'

The worst of the desert crossed, our traveller arrived at the Atbara River, where he was in hopes

of meeting with hippopotami. The Arabs had broken down a thick hedge on the banks, so as to be able to reach the water; through this opening Sir Samuel made his way, and after walking over some yards of deep sand, he came to the narrow end of a pool, where he first saw the print of an hippopotamus's foot. In the moist sand near the water a bed of melons had been planted, but these large animals were as fond of the fruit as the owner, and robbed the patch. The Arab did not approve of the theft, and endeavoured to drive a large bull hippopotamus away; this the beast resented, and attacked the man in its turn, and, catching him in its mouth, killed him by one crunch of its mighty jaws. This success of the animal made it bold, so that when the Arabs drove their goats to water it would frequently rush out upon them. To kill this creature was Sir Samuel's great desire, but he had to tramp some miles before discovering one; then he came upon six wallowing in the water. Taking a steady aim at the temple of the largest, he fired; the ball cracked loudly upon the skull, down went five heads, but the wounded hippopotamus leaped half out of the water, but, falling backwards, commenced struggling in a most frantic manner, then it turned round and round, with its huge jaws wide open. A second shot failed to quiet it, but, running knee deep into the water, a third shot was fired, and the ponderous creature



sank to the bottom. The next morning, accompanied by his wife, Sir Samuel strolled down to the scene of the previous day's exploits, and there, floating on the surface of the water, was the body of his victim.

During our traveller's sojourn in the Atbara Valley he saw much of the Arabs, and was greatly interested in their manners and customs; and many a glimpse we get of these singular people, so unaccustomed to European civilization. For instance, these Arabs could never understand how an Englishman could be satisfied with one wife. They complimented Sir Samuel on the appearance of Lady Baker, but would not believe she was his only wife: 'Yes,' they said, 'you have brought the youngest and most lovely with you; those you have left behind are the old ones.' It was explained that Englishmen were satisfied with one wife, and did they marry two would be imprisoned. This was received with general indignation and disbelief. 'Why,' said one, 'the fact is simply impossible! How can a man be contented with one wife? It is ridiculous and absurd! What is he to do when she becomes old? Had not our forefathers many wives? and shall we have but one? Now I have four wives; as one has become old, I have replaced her with a young one; here they all are. This one carries water; that grinds the corn; this makes the bread; the last does not do much, as she is the youngest, and my favourite; and

if they neglect their work, they get a taste of this !' showing a stick. After a long discussion, the Arabs came to the conclusion that each country got on best with its own particular customs.

Another amusing feature in the Arab character is his love of relics. A pilgrim from Mecca is sure to return with a few inches of cloth, or trifle of some sort, purchased from a religious faký (priest), that belonged to the Prophet Mahomet. This is cherished as a most wonderful spell against some particular malady ; it is handed round for examination, and received by all with the utmost reverence. It is taken and kissed, the crown of the head touched with it, and both eyes wiped. Although supposed to be strict followers of the Prophet they do not hesitate to violate his injunction against eating pork, and quiet their conscience by the following ingenious piece of casuistry. If you have the *Koran* in your hand and *no pig*, you are forbidden to eat pork ; but if you have the *pig* in your hand and *no Koran*, you had better eat what God has given you.

At Ehétilla our traveller was much amused by the many troops of baboons he saw on their way to the river for water, the country being entirely dried up. The great male baboons headed the processions, stalking majestically along, followed by a large herd of all ages. Mothers with young ones upon their backs,

sitting jockey fashion or sprawling full length, and holding on by their mothers' back hair. When berries are discovered, the youngsters rush to the spot, and quarrel and fight for the best places, until the noise becomes too much for the nerves of one of the old males, who darts in the midst, 'cuffs one, pulls another by the hair, bites another on the hind-quarters, just as he thinks he has escaped, drags back a would-be deserter by his tail, shakes him thoroughly, and thus restores order: preventing all further disputes, by sitting under the bush, and quietly enjoying the berries by himself.'

Thus, day after day, the exploration continued, diversified with its numerous amusing and perilous incidents, with exciting hunts, views of magnificent scenery, study of native habits and customs, and, above all, the grasping of facts to add to our geographical knowledge of that wonderful country, until Sir Samuel could say he had visited all the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia, including the great Blue Nile, and at the conclusion could state that the great lakes of Central Africa supported the life of Egypt, by supplying a stream throughout all seasons, but that the annual inundation was the work of the Blue Nile and the Atbara.

Through a suggestion of the Prince of Wales to the Khedive of Egypt, an expedition was fitted out

for the suppression of the slave trade, with Sir Samuel Baker at its head. The expedition consisted of no less than 1600 troops, with all necessary equipments for warlike and peaceful purposes. Working his way with a fleet of vessels up a branch of the White Nile proved a most difficult task; the vegetation was so luxuriant that the men were continually at work with their swords, cutting a channel; at last it was found so dense and impenetrable, that it was necessary to return and make a fresh start. But the fresh start proved as unsuccessful as the last; for, what with the fatigue of canal-cutting, the attacks of insects, hippopotami, and crocodiles in the swamps, the mortality among the men became so great, that at length the reluctant order was given to again turn back. From Bahr Giraffe he set out again, the third time, April 1870, and in about a week reached the White Nile.

At the camp pitched at Tewfikceyah, Baker received a visit from the king of the Sillocks, some of whose subjects he had released from slavery. The king had great complaints to make concerning the Governor of Fashoda, and an insight was obtained into the intrigues of that worthy. Justice was promised, and then the king was treated to a few shocks from an electric battery, which both astonished and pleased him. While at this place, a cargo of slaves was captured. The

vessel presented the most innocent appearance, it was laden with corn only ; but on one thrusting a ramrod deep down into it, a violent scream was heard, which was found to proceed from a woman ; a further search revealed a number more slaves tightly packed together under planks, while a girl was even found in the furled sail ! The slaves were at once released, and the vessel condemned as a lawful prize.

When Baker resumed his journey, the difficulties of navigation still continued, the way south was only opened by continual cutting ; at one a dam had to be constructed, before progress could be made ; and, while this was being accomplished, the working parties and boats were fiercely attacked by hippopotami. At length, Gondokoro, a distance of 1400 miles from Khartoum, was reached. The proclamation there made, that the country was annexed to the dominions of the Khedive, and that everything belonged to him, was received with a very bad grace by the natives, especially when it was further intimated that slavery was strictly prohibited ; and all who infringed the prohibition would be severely punished. The Bazi tribe revolted, and commenced hostilities, and harassed Baker repeatedly ; until, issuing from Gondokoro, he stormed their stockades at the point of the bayonet. An alliance was then concluded between them.

The expedition now went south, to open communi-

cation with the Albert Nyanza; the march was through a beautiful country, and varied by many incidents. At Masindi, in Unyoro, another battle had to be fought, which lasted an hour and a quarter, when the natives were defeated, and their capital destroyed. Here, too, Baker was nearly falling a victim to the treachery of an Arab slave merchant, Abou Saood, who sent him a present of plantain cider, which proved to be all poisoned. Fortunately the character of the cider was discovered before either the traveller or his brave wife partook of it.

It is such men as Sir Samuel that have won for England the glory of being the foremost explorers of the age. Courage, perseverance, ready tact, and the power of endurance have been their characteristics. We can well understand with what joy and pride they would be moved, when within the presence of their long and perilous journeys. As, for instance, when Baker, after navigating the Victoria Nile, at last sees, in all its glory, the broad waters of the lake. 'The sun had not risen,' he says, 'when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly

upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay, far beneath, the grand expanse of water—a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7000 feet above its level. It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment,—here was the reward of all our labour: for years of tenacity, with which we had toiled through Africa, England had won the sources of the Nile!’

Another of our brave explorers, Commander Cameron, has given us some graphic scenes of African travel, during his famous journey from the east to the west coasts. An active, intrepid man, whose constitution had been thoroughly inured to the trying climate by years of service in the suppressing of the slave trade. In company with Dr. Dillon, in February 1873, he started from Zanzibar on his memorable journey, which was to win for him so much renown. In April we have a picture which fully proves that African travel is not all pleasure. He had heard many dismal stories of the difficulties to be encountered in crossing the Makata swamp, a large tract of level land lying between two mountains. In dry seasons it could be crossed without very great difficulty; but in the rainy, it became a vast swamp of mud, with

morasses on the western side. It was gained by a two hours' march through a pleasant wooded country.

The dreaded place was at its worst, the soft clayey soil was studded with numerous large holes, made by the constant passage of large animals; and, being full of water, proved troublesome traps to the donkeys of the caravan, who were continually stepping into them, requiring no small skill and patience on the part of their drivers to extricate them. One got nearly strangled by its driver making a running noose, and attempting to haul it out by main strength. To add to the discomfort, the rain poured down in torrents, a mile an hour was as much as could be accomplished under the circumstances; the donkeys had constantly to be unloaded, and loaded again, and the men prevented from straggling, all of whom wished to camp for the night in the middle of the mud, where there were no materials for erecting huts, or kindling fires, or drying their wet clothes. So throughout the night they plodded on, and by early morning, to their joy, arrived at the site of an old camp, a comparatively dry spot, where a halt was effected. It rained hard all night, but at daybreak ceased, when our traveller recommenced his march over a sparsely wooded plain, the mud not quite so troublesome as on the day previous. At length the Makata River was reached, a swift, swirling



stream, forty yards wide, and nine feet deep; this was crossed by a rough bridge, composed of trunks and branches of trees lashed together; and although this was almost under water, it proved good enough for the human portion of the expedition to pass over. The poor donkeys, however, had a rough time of it: a rope was made fast round the neck of each, the end of which was carried to the opposite bank; the unfortunate animals were then bundled from a steep place into the water, and literally hauled across; from their first plunge, till they finally emerged from the water, they were invisible to the spectators.

At Kanyenyé, in Ugo country, Cameron found a veritable Methuselah of a chief, Magambo, who, his subjects stated, was over three hundred years old, and was then cutting his fourth set of teeth, his third set having worked out seven years before. A great-grandson of this venerable chief paid the camp a visit; he was the heir-presumptive, and was cleaner and better dressed than his future subjects; but as a sign of high rank, and a proof that he would never be required to work, the nails of his left hand had been allowed to grow to an enormous length, so as to render it impossible for him to use his hand.

At Usekhé were seen traces of that curse of Africa, witchcraft. A place was set apart for the purpose of incantations to procure rain in drought; and there,

too, stood a charred post and a heap of ashes, marking the spot where some wretched wizard paid the penalty of failure. The lot of an African magician is not an enviable one; for a time things go fairly with him; by working on the fears and hopes of his dupes, he makes a comfortable living. But the day is sure to come, when he is either suspected or denounced by some jealous rival as having caused the illness of a great person; and then, unless he can save himself by flight, or by the magic of his power turn aside popular opinion, and direct it to his rival, the poor wretch passes a bad time. He is lashed to a stout post, round which a circle of fire is kindled, and there he is slowly roasted, unless his sufferings extort a confession, when the fire is heaped upon him, and his agony quickly ended. Often, while writhing under his tortures, the unfortunate wretch accuses himself of various crimes, frantically shouting, 'I have killed such a one!' 'I have prevented rain falling,' and so on, with the vain hope that his executioners would end his suffering.

When a chief dies in this district, the body is first of all carefully washed, then placed in an upright position in a hollow tree; and, until it is thoroughly decomposed, the people go daily to mourn and pour pombé and ashes on the corpse. In its decomposed state it is laid on a platform, and exposed to the effects

of sun, rain, and dew, until the bones are completely bare; then they are buried. At one time, on these occasions, a number of slaves were always sacrificed. No such respect is shown to the bodies of the common people; these are simply thrown into the jungle for wild beasts to devour.

We have many vivid pictures of the troubles and sufferings to which African travellers are exposed given us by Cameron, and his friend Dr. Dillon. The caravan was detained at Unyanyembé by the desertion of pagazi (porters), at a time when he was eager to push on. 'Now,' writes Dr. Dillon, 'for a dismal tale of woe! On or about August 13th, Cameron felt seedy. I never felt better, ditto Murphy. In the evening we felt seedy. I felt determined not to be sick. "I *will* eat dinner; I'll *not* go to bed." Murphy was between the blankets already. I did manage some dinner; but shakes enough to bring an ordinary house down came on, and I had to turn in. For the next four or five days our diet was water or milk. Not a soul to look after us. The servants knew not what to do. We got up when we liked, and walked out. We knew that we felt giddy, that our legs would scarcely support us. I used to pay a visit to Cameron, and he used to come in to me to make complaints. One day he said, "The fellows have regularly blocked me in. I have no room to

stir. The worst of it is, one of the legs of the grand piano is always on my head, and people are strumming away all day. It's all drawing-room furniture that they have blocked me in with." I was under the impression that my bed was on the top of a lot of ammunition panniers, and I told Murphy I was sorry I could not get away sooner to *call on him*; but I had the king of Uganda stopping with me, and I must be civil to him, as we should shortly be in his country. Murphy pretty well dozed his fever off, but I never went to sleep from beginning to end. We all got well on the same day, and laughed heartily at each other's confidences.'

Cameron himself writes :—'I am very savage just at this moment, as I have been trying for two days to get enough men together to form a camp a short way out, in order to see all right for marching, and all the pagazi declare they are afraid. I think I am past the fever here now, as although I have had it six times, the last attacks have been getting lighter; and the only thing bothering me now is my left eye, which is a good deal inflamed, but I think is getting better. I think it was caused by the constant glare and dust round the house.'

Ten days later, September 30, he writes :—'Here I am still, trying to make a preliminary start, but not one of my pagazi will come in; at least I can't get more

than a dozen together out of one hundred and thirty I have engaged, and I can't manage much with them. I am still greatly bothered with my eye, as, if I use the other much, it brings on pain.'

Fourteen days later, October 14, he writes:—'Just able to try and write again, but I have been quite blind, and very bad with fever since my last words. I have been more pulled down by the latter than any I have had before, and was feeling very much as if I should like to be with you all for a day or two. I am in great hopes of getting out of here soon now. Dillon is more alive, and growling at not getting away. I am writing this bit by bit, as my eyes allow me, so don't expect much coherence or sense in the epistle.'

Still later on he writes:—'Since I wrote the last, I have been quite blind of both eyes, and very bad indeed with fever, so I have been helpless. These horrible fevers and my blindness have quite prevented my doing anything since I last wrote, and my eyes now are anything but perfect in work or feeling; however, they are now getting better rapidly.'

It was while in this deplorable condition that Cameron received a letter from Jacob Wainright containing news of Dr. Livingstone's death, and that his faithful followers were conveying the lifeless body to the coast. This news altered the plans of the

travellers. Dillon and Murphy left the expedition, and Cameron pushed on alone.

With the courage, patience, and perseverance of a brave man, our traveller pursued his way, undaunted by the difficulties which opposed his march,—difficulties arising from the defection of his men, the untrustworthiness of guides; he crossed rivers, traversed jungles where the long-pointed thorns tore his clothes and lacerated his flesh; encountered dangers untold from wild beasts and hostile natives, from tropical storms and deep morasses; ate strange food which here we should consider disgusting, but in those strange wilds was reckoned a delicacy; and saw scenes of surpassing loveliness and savage grandeur. Every day varied the scene and the incident, until we are not surprised to learn that Africa presents attractions to travellers that scarcely any other land possesses.

In due time Cameron and his party arrived in the territories of Urua, where a powerful chief named Kasongo reigned; a cruel and despotic ruler, whose mode of punishment was revolting in the extreme. The land over which he reigned was so extensive that he appointed governors in certain districts for a term of four years, at the conclusion of which, should they have given satisfaction, they were either reappointed or transferred to other districts; if, on the contrary, they were so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of their

chief, they were deprived of nose, ears, or hands. No village was secure from destruction under this tyrant. A chief, we are told, presented himself before Kasongo, and paid the customary tribute. He was received with every mark of welcome, and was informed that his superior was perfectly satisfied with him, and as a proof of goodwill would return with him and visit his village. No sooner was the place reached than it was immediately surrounded by armed men, and in the darkness the poor chief was himself compelled to set fire to the huts, after which he was cruelly put to death. The wretched inhabitants, rushing into the jungle to escape the flames, were easily captured, the men slaughtered, and the women sent to Kasongo's harem.

Under the influence of drink and bhang-smoking, the king acted like a demon. Woe to those near him on such occasions; for then he orders death or mutilation indiscriminately. When he paid a visit to Cameron's camp, the traveller saw that even the king's most intimate friend, during his master's fits of frenzied temper, had lost nose, ears, lips, and hands, and yet the poor fellow seemed literally to worship the very ground the king trod upon.

Nothing perhaps can convey a more revolting idea of the king's character than the furniture of his bedroom when he sleeps at home; this consists of a

couch formed of the backs of several women on their hands and knees, while the carpet is made from others lying flat on their backs.

When a king dies, the most fearful rites are observed. That the grave may be preserved from both man and beast, the first proceeding is to divert the course of a stream, and in its bed to dig an enormous pit, the bottom of which is then covered with living women. At one end a woman is placed on her hands and knees, and upon her back the dead king, covered with his beads and other treasures, is seated, being supported on either side by one of his wives, while his second wife sits at his feet. The earth is then shovelled in on them, and all the women are buried alive, with the exception of the second wife. To her, custom is more merciful than to her companions, and grants her the privilege of being killed before the huge grave is filled in. This being completed, a number of male slaves—sometimes forty or fifty—are slaughtered, and their blood poured over the grave; after which the river is allowed to resume its course. Surely the 'dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.'

While waiting for permission from Kasongo to proceed on his journey, Cameron made short expeditions to various places of interest in the immediate



neighbourhood; one of these was to Lake Mohrya, a comparatively small sheet of water surrounded by low and woody hills, but rising from its waters were three villages built on piles, and also detached huts. The people living in these marine villages were very loath for strangers to visit them, and our traveller was obliged to be contented with viewing them from the shore. The huts were erected on platforms rising about six feet above the surface of the water, 'supported on stout piles driven into the bed of the lake. Some were oblong and others round, the former usually having a projecting roof over the door. Their roofs and walls appear to be constructed in a manner precisely similar to that of the huts on shore. Underneath the platforms canoes were moored, and nets hung to dry. Men were swimming from hut to hut, notwithstanding reports I heard of enormous snakes, whose bite was fatal, inhabiting the lake. The people live entirely in these huts with their fowls and goats, and only come ashore to cultivate provision grounds and bring goats to graze.'

He also gathered many strange tales from the various natives with whom he came in contact. A native of Ukaranga told him that in the next village to his own the people lived on the most friendly terms with lions, who walked about the village without attempting to injure the inhabitants. 'On great

occasions they were treated to honey, goats, sheep, and ugali; and sometimes at their afternoon drums as many as two hundred lions assembled. Each lion was known to the people by name, and to these they responded when called. And when one died, the inhabitants of the village mourned for him as for one of themselves.'

Another story was to the effect, that at a certain place in Urguru stood several large trees, with broad and smooth leaves of a dark green colour. These trees were fatal to all who sheltered beneath their branches. On one occasion a travelling party, conveying ivory, seeing the trees, thought they would make a comfortable shelter, and camped beneath them. When the next morning dawned they were all dead, and their whitened bones remain to this day as a testimony to the truth of the story.

At length, after a weary time of waiting, Cameron was allowed to leave the territories of the despotic Kasongo, and joining the caravan of a Portuguese trader, named José Antonio Alvez, most willingly and thankfully pursued his journey. Every now and again he speaks in strong terms of the havoc and desolation made by raids of slave-hunters, which his march constantly revealed,—villages in ashes, plantations laid waste, the enormous loss of life, and the almost inconceivable cruelty of the hunters; how

that one gang of fifty-two women was captured at the expense of ten villages destroyed, and their male inhabitants killed; while the appearance of the captives was wretched in the extreme, footsore and covered with weals and scars, where the cruel lash had been unmercifully applied. At one spot where our traveller camped, a slave caravan passed, the procession lasting more than two hours. 'Women and children, footsore and over-burdened, were urged on unremittingly by their barbarous masters; and even when they reached their camp, it was no haven of rest for the poor creatures. They were compelled to fetch water, cook, build huts, and collect firewood for those who owned them, and were comparatively favoured if they had contrived some sort of shelter for themselves before night set in.' And all this done by men calling themselves Christians, and beneath the flag of a Christian nation. But the traveller was impotent to help. 'How keenly,' he says, 'in the midst of these heart-rending scenes, I felt my utter powerlessness to assist these poor suffering creatures in the smallest degree, may well be imagined.'

So, on and on, day after day, the persevering traveller made his way; now through scenes of unsurpassed beauty, by little hamlets, each hut of which was surrounded by its cleared provision ground, and

where the inhabitants appeared peaceful and happy; now by villages strongly stockaded against the assaults of treacherous foes; through valley and stream, over rugged mountains, through swamps and jungles; one time plentifully supplied with food, at another obliged to sell his greatcoat and his shirts to obtain the necessaries of life; at times so wearied and dead-beat, that he felt inclined to lie down and die. But even in his direst need, the hope that he was nearing the coast buoyed him up and urged him on. At length he arrived at Benguella, where he was most hospitably welcomed by a warm-hearted Frenchman. Here rest, good food, and medical attention restored the worn and wasted body. From Benguella he made his way by sea to Loanda, and landing, made his way to the British consulate.

‘Arriving at the consulate,’ our hero writes, ‘my knock was answered by a little Mulatto servant, who ran away on seeing me, and left me standing at the door in some astonishment; but another entrance on my right was soon opened, and the consul himself appeared. He looked rather hard at me, as though wondering who the seedy individual before him might be. I then said, “I have come to report myself from Zanzibar—overland.” At the mention of “Zanzibar” he began to stare, but at the word “overland” he stepped back a pace, and then coming forward placed

both his hands on my shoulders, and said, "Cameron! my God!"

Thus the great and adventurous journey was accomplished, and in England the traveller was received with an enthusiasm which pluck and daring are ever sure to receive from the English.

## CHAPTER VII.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

HAVING returned safely from finding Livingstone, Stanley could not resist accepting an offer made him to undertake another expedition to Central Africa, to investigate various geographical problems which the Doctor had left unsolved. He started in November 1874, from the east coast, at the head of 300 men, which included three Englishmen,—Frederick Barker, and Francis and John Pocock. The following year, reaching the Victoria Nyanza, he circumnavigated and explored it; he visited the Albert Nyanza, then Ujiji, and examined part of Lake Tanganyika. Striking the Lualaba at Nyangwé in October 1875, he proceeded down stream. Now commenced the most difficult and dangerous portion of his great journey; for almost every mile of the way had to be contested. Writing to one of the papers, he thus interestingly describes his journey, dating his letter 10th August 1877, from Emboma, near the mouth of the Congo:—

‘On the 8th inst. I arrived at this place from Zanzibar, with 115 souls, in a fearful condition. We left Nyangwé, in Manyema, 5th November 1876, travelling overland through Ureggu. Unable to make progress through the dense forests, we crossed the Lualaba, and continued our journey along the left bank through North-east Ukusu. Natives opposed us, harassed us day and night, killed and wounded our people with poisoned arrows. Our struggle through these cannibal regions became almost hopeless. We endeavoured to appease the savages with gifts and mildness. Our gifts they refused; our patient behaviour they regarded as cowardice. To make our position still more deplorable, our escort of 140 men, engaged at Nyangwé, refused to proceed farther. At the same time the natives made a grand effort to crush us altogether. We defended ourselves, but there was only one way to escape from our hapless position,—unless we accepted the alternative of returning, and abandoning the work which we had begun,—and this was by making use of our canoes. Though we had a decided advantage over the savages on the water, still each day’s advance was but the repetition of the day previous. It was desperate fighting, pushing on down the river with might and main, until, in the midst of these successive struggles, we were halted by a series of great cataracts—five in number, not far apart—south and north of the equator. To pass these we

had to cut our way through thirteen miles of dense forest, and drag our eighteen canoes and exploring boat overland, frequently exchanging the axes for the rifles as we were attacked.

‘ After passing the cataracts, we had a long breathing pause from the toil of dragging our vessels overland. At 2° north latitude the great Lualaba swerved from its almost direct northerly course to north-west, then west, then south-west,—a broad stream from two to ten miles wide, choked with islands. In order to avoid the exhausting struggle with so many tribes of desperate cannibals, we had to paddle between the islands, until, compelled by hunger most extreme, after three days passed without absolutely any food, we resolved to meet our fate, and struck the mainland on the left bank. Happily, we had reached a tribe acquainted with trade. They possessed four muskets from the west coast, and called the great river Ikutu Ya Congo. We made blood brotherhood, and purchased abundance of provisions; and endeavoured to continue our course along the left bank. Three days later we came to a powerful tribe, all armed with muskets, who, as soon as they sighted us, manned sixty-three large canoes, and attacked us. Not until three of my men were killed did I desist from crying out we were friends, and offering cloth. For a distance of twelve miles the greatest and most desperate fight on this terrible river was maintained. This was



the last save one of thirty - two battles on the Lualaba.

‘As the river runs through the great basin which lies between E. long. 26° and E. long. 17°, it has an uninterrupted course of over 1400 miles, with magnificent affluents, especially on the southern side. Thence cleaving the broad belt of mountains between the great basin and the Atlantic Ocean, it descends by about thirty falls and furious rapids to the great river between the Falls of Yellala and the Atlantic. Our losses have been most severe, and my grief is still new over the loss of my last white assistant, the brave and pious young Englishman, Francis Pocock, who was swept over the Falls of Massassa on 3rd June last. The same day I, with seven men, was almost drawn into the whirlpools of Mowa Falls; and six weeks later myself and the entire crew of the *Lady Alice* were swept over the furious Falls of Mbelo, whence only by a miracle we escaped. My faithful young companion, Kalulu, is also among the lost.’

Thus Stanley speaks of this great journey, which he afterwards told more in detail in his work, *Through the Dark Continent*. Since then the Congo has been taken possession of by an association, headed by the king of the Belgians, whose object is to open this great highway into the interior to all alike irrespective of nationality. Stanley made

a successful voyage up the Congo in 1881, making treaties of amity with the natives, and acquiring sites for stations. But the one at Stanley Pool has recently been attacked and destroyed by hostile Arabs, which gave rise to an exhibition of true heroism in its defender, Mr. Deane.

A slave woman, after being brutally beaten by her master, ran away, and sought refuge in the station at Stanley's Falls. The Arabs, feeling that the slave trade was menaced by the existence of the Congo Free State, had long been on the look-out for a pretext to destroy it, and judged this the favourable moment, if the claim made for the possession of the woman was not complied with. Their demand was refused. The Arabs then opened fire. Mr. Deane and Lieutenant Dubois with their handful of Houssas, nothing daunted, returned their fire, and also attacked the Arab village and burnt it. But, being scantily supplied with ammunition, they soon found themselves in sore straits, and looked anxiously for the arrival of the *Stanley* steamer. It came soon after the commencement of hostilities, but to their great disappointment brought no fresh supply. The steamer, while it remained at the station, made the Arabs keep at a respectful distance; but no sooner did she leave than they renewed the attack. The number of the garrison was small, consisting of only thirty-eight Houssas

and forty Banglas,—cannibals who had been trained by Deane and Dubois.

From Tuesday until Saturday morning the fighting went on night and day with but little intermission; three little Krupp guns being worked by the Englishman and the Belgian officer, while the blacks, inspired by their example, blazed away with rifles. When almost the last cartridge had been expended, the Arabs, whose numbers had largely increased, attempted to take the station by storm, but after a fierce hand-to-hand fight were driven back. Things were becoming desperate; many of the blacks were killed or wounded; many others had deserted, regarding the issue as no longer doubtful. At last only seven Houssas remained faithful. Affairs having come to this desperate state, it was resolved to set fire to the station and escape. This was done, and the brave defenders made their way as well as they were able along the slippery banks of the river, 'hiding in the dense shadows caused by the blazing station.'

Mr. Deane and Lieutenant Dubois kept well together, until in crossing some rocks they both fell into the water, when the latter, in spite of all his companion could do to save him, was drowned. This was a terrible loss to Mr. Deane, and one he felt keenly. Throwing himself down on the bank, he wept bitterly. But knowing that the enemy

were after him, and, bracing himself for fresh efforts, he continued to ramble on by the side of the river, under the cover of the jungle. His clothes were still wet from his recent immersion, so when the sun was up he took them off to dry. Scarcely had he done this, when he was fired at from a wood. Seizing his blanket, and leaving his clothes to their fate, he rushed through the Arabs who were closing in around him, firing his revolver as he went, and by extra speed managed to distance them. For thirty days, 'barefooted, a spear wound in his left arm, one of the fingers of his right hand split with a slug, and a fresh wound in his thigh,' he wandered on as best he could, subsisting on locusts and ground fruit, and in constant fear of his pursuers, until he fortunately met with some friendly natives, who conveyed him in a canoe to Bangala.

This will prove but a slight check, and not an unexpected one, in the development of the Congo Free State. Gradually Africa is yielding up its secrets, and the silent highway of the Congo gives access to its inmost recesses, and the light and amenities of civilization have begun to penetrate to the darkest corners of the continent. Only just recently, Dr. Lenz, an Austrian, made a comparatively unadventurous voyage from the mouth of the Congo to the mouth of the Zambesi, and during the

whole voyage was able, by means of Arab traders and other sources, to maintain almost unbroken his communication with Europe. The journey was accomplished throughout without the Doctor having occasion once to use firearms in self-defence. The native tribes, who proved so hostile several years before to Stanley, and attacked him so persistently, have now receded before the European settlements and the Arab trading stations. The Arabs have complete possession of the river, their settlements stud its banks, while the natives have been driven into the forests and recesses of the mountains. Surrounding the settlements are vast fields of rice, as well as many other introduced cereals, proving both land and climate suitable for agriculture, while domestic animals are plentiful. There is every reason to believe that a glorious future awaits the Congo Free State.

We must conclude our notices of African explorers, and will do so by transcribing an interesting letter from Mr. H. H. Johnson, giving a few glimpses of the pleasures which the African traveller sometimes enjoys. The writer is at work in the region he so graphically describes,—a region quite different to that of the Congo.

‘Native Village on the Akayafe River, near Old Calabar, February 18th, 1887.—Ever since January 26th I have been leading a strange but far from

'disagreeable life. I have been exploring and surveying a large district between Old Calabar and the Cameroons. To do the water part of the journey I hired at Old Calabar a large native canoe, with a house in it, an arrangement faintly resembling the house-boats on the River Thames. At one end of it is a large box full of sand. On this my cooking fire is made. A fire, in fact, is kept burning day and night, so that with a few minutes' notice I can have a cup of tea or cocoa. In the house, which has two small windows and two sliding doors, and a thatched roof, there is just room for my bed, dressing bag, table, chair, and canteen. The canteen is a wickerwork box, with knives, forks, plates, etc. There are also shelves and hooks in the house, by which a lot of things are stored away in a surprisingly small space. Outside the house, in the forward part of the canoe, is a clear space with a level floor and small seats round, sheltered by an extension of the thatched roof. Here, in day-time, I put my table, and sit either eating my meals or making my survey as the canoe glides along, propelled by eighteen paddlers. This is really most pleasant. The motion of the canoe is so smooth that I can write or draw unshaken, and when my table is laid with a white cloth, napkin, and bright silver, it at once provokes an appetite. I dare say this sounds to you luxurious, but the fact is that nearly all my life here is spent

travelling about, and it would be hard if I had to deny myself the amenities of civilization, especially as in Africa small comforts go a long way towards preserving health and cheerfulness.

‘Many little incidents enliven our daily peregrinations. Sometimes an elephant is descried crossing the river or feeding on the banks. Then there is a rush for guns, and we—that is, I and all my boys who can shoot—fire away at him with all kinds of firearms. I am bound to say we have not yet succeeded in killing one; when they are wounded they get away into dense bush, where it is impossible to follow. Or a flock of pelicans, or egrets, or other water birds comes into sight, and one or more of them fall to my gun. Towards evening we generally make for some native village, where the men can sleep in shelter, and where we can renew our provisions of fowls, eggs, bananas, and such like. Some of my experiences in these towns, where in most cases no white man has ever appeared before, would make you laugh, and shall make you laugh some day when we are together; but at present they are too long and full of detail to recount.

‘These natives are far from being savages, though it is only a short time since cannibalism prevailed among them, and even now, higher up in the interior, small boys are regularly fattened on a special diet for the market. The houses are built slightly after

'Oriental custom, in a hollow square with an open court in the centre, round which the dwelling rooms are situated. In the centre of the court a small tree always grows, placed there more out of superstition than from any æsthetic idea. The inner walls of the building are made of plastered clay. There are also clay settees and benches, along which pretty native mats are laid. Fanciful designs in colour and basso-relievo adorn the walls and benches in many places. A number of those brass plates of which I sent you specimens also form a feature in the decoration. Muscovy ducks, goats, and hairy-maned sheep wander about the courts, seeking what they may devour. The women pass nearly all their time in cooking savoury messes with palm oil, yams, fish, and fowl, and also vary the monotony of their lives with loud-tongued quarrels and disputations. At night-time you are put to sleep in a little alcove, on a high raised bed of clean mats, and except that the playful rats leap and frolic over your person—they are little black rats, not the foul brown rat of home—your rest is secure and undisturbed. Then in the morning, when the fresh dew lies on the grass blades and the palm fronds, and the grey parrots are flying in screaming, chuckling flocks to their feeding haunts in the high fig trees and the calamus palms, you take leave of your host, having bestowed on him a gift of tobacco,



cloth, and a knife, and he sends two women down with you to the beach, each bearing a huge wooden dish (made of the husk of a kind of gourd), which contains some highly seasoned, but savoury, mixture of palm oil, yams, and fowl; and then you once more proceed on your journey, not knowing what you will see, where you may arrive, or whom you will meet; but, all the same, enjoying the element of chance, which so largely figures in a life like this.

‘This latter part of the letter is being written in the canoe. We are just returning from having visited some lovely scenery. I traced the course of the stream as far as it falls—the inevitable falls which every African river develops before quitting the interior tableland for the coast. This consisted of two magnificent cascades of 40 feet each, the total descent being over 80 feet. Of course, this is nothing wonderful for a waterfall, but these are specially remarkable for their picturesqueness, their eminently paintable quality. The rocks, stemming the torrent of frothy white and glassy green water, were fantastic in shape and all manner of rich colours, with natural tints and colouring of lichen, etc. The whole scenery was framed with magnificent tropical forest. Of course I sat down and tried to draw this lovely bit, and no doubt you will soon see the result in the *Graphic*. Round these falls were, as usual.

many beautiful wild-flowers, especially noticeable the wild white arums, the smaller original form of our cultivated arums.

‘I am sending this letter to Old Calabar with the rest of my correspondence. An old grizzle-headed native has agreed to take them for five leaves of tobacco. I hope you will be able to decipher my scrawl. I have no opportunity of writing with less haste and more care. Forgive only a meagre letter. I am glad all seem so well. I still hope, unless anything unforeseen should happen, to get a holiday this summer and run home for a few months.’

## CHAPTER VIII.

### LION ADVENTURES.

JULES GERARD describes the lion of Algeria as a very bold and fierce animal, one that will face and attack almost any number of foes ; that the Arabs go out in large bands to hunt and destroy him when he has made himself obnoxious by seizing their cattle and sheep, and even children and men and women. He also gives a very singular account of the lion's courtship. He says the lions and lionesses generally couple towards the end of January ; and as there are far more males than females, the possession of a desirable lady is usually secured by prowess. Therefore it is by no means rare to meet a female with three or four suitors, who engage in desperate conflicts ; but not one proving strong enough to kill or drive off the others, she leads her admirers into the presence of an old lion whose roar has sounded pleasant in her ears.

No sooner is the meeting effected than a battle

royal commences; without a minute's parleying the several admirers rush upon the old one. He awaits the attack with the calmness due to years and long experience, having previously taken stock of them. With the first bite he disposes of number one, the second has his leg crushed, while the third, if he escapes with the loss of an eye only, may think himself fortunate. The conflict over, the noble beast vigorously shakes his mane, and then goes and lies down by the side of the lioness, who licks his wounds as a sign of her approval and pledge of affection. When two full-grown lions meet, the affair has a very different termination.

One moonlight night an Arab, named Mohammed, who was hiding in the branches of a tree for the purpose of shooting a stag, was startled at seeing a lioness followed by a full-grown lion pass underneath. The lioness quietly laid herself down at the foot of the tree, while her companion remained standing, apparently listening intently to some sound that had attracted his attention. In the stillness the Arab heard a distant roar; to this the lioness at once responded; then her follower gave vent to a roar of such magnitude that the hidden witness of the scene was so startled that he dropped his gun, and to save himself from falling was obliged to cling to the branches of the tree. Nearer and nearer sounded the

roar of the approaching lion, to which the lioness roared louder and louder, while her companion walked furiously about her as if to force her to silence; then would stalk angrily out into the path, as if to say, 'Well, let him come; I am ready for him.'

'An hour afterwards a lion, black as a wild boar, appeared at the extremity of the jungle. The lioness rose to go towards him, but, guessing her intention, the lion ran before her to meet his enemy. They crouched at the same moment to take their spring, leaped at the same time one against the other, and rolled over together in the grass, to rise no more. The struggle was long and terrible. While bones were cracking beneath the powerful jaws of the two combatants, their claws lacerated one another's bodies, and roars—now of the loudest kind, now of the most subdued — expressed their rage and their pain.

'At the commencement of the action the lioness had lain calmly down, and to the very end she testified, by the wagging of her tail, to the pleasure she experienced at the sight of these two lions destroying one another for her sake. When all was over, she approached the two carcasses with caution, without condescending to reply to the somewhat coarse epithet which Mohammed could not refrain from applying to her in the absence of a bullet.'

This, we are told, is the invariable custom of all the Algerian lionesses. They look first of all for a strong, full-grown lion, one able to free them from the young lions, whose continual fighting annoys them: should a stronger present himself, he is always welcome.

When a lion has made himself obnoxious by his depredations on the flocks of the Arabs, an assembly is convoked, and a plan decided upon by which the lion is to be destroyed. These assemblies are usually held in the open air at the foot of a mountain, all present being armed with guns, pistols, and yataghans. When the men, who have previously been sent out to ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy, return and make their report, measures are at once taken for attacking him. Having flashed and loaded their guns with the greatest care, five or six of the strongest men are sent up to the crests of the mountains to follow every manœuvre of the lion, from the first attack until his death, and by means of certain well-known signs correspond with their companions. Now the whole party move forward. When within gun-shot of the lair, they 'turn' it, so as to command the position from high ground.

The lion possesses a very delicate sense of hearing, and should an incautious foot displace a stone, and send it rolling down the mountain-side, he is

immediately on the alert, rises and walks in the direction of the sound. If perceived by one of the men on the watch, he takes the skirt of his burnous in his right hand and hoists it before him, meaning '*I see him.*' The answering signal to this is a burnous shaking from right to left, which means 'Where is he? and what is he doing?' Should the lion be proceeding towards the hunters, the burnous is shaken violently, and the man shouts loudly, 'Take care!' Then the hunters range themselves in a line if possible, with a rock at their back so that their rear may be safe. Should one hunter not have heard the warning cry 'Take care!' and retreated with his companions, he soon finds himself in a critical position, for the lion no sooner sees him than he bounds towards him, and he is lost, or only a miracle can save him. Then the animal passes in front of the line of hunters; and should his presence disorganize the party, he leaps into their midst, a general stampede ensues, while perhaps one or two are left in the lion's power. If the line keeps unbroken, the lion advances within twenty or thirty yards of the guns pointed at him, growling all the time. This is the decisive moment, the word is given, every gun is fired, then thrown down, and each man rushes upon the lion with pistol and yataghan. Should the lion not be killed by this simultaneous fire from so many guns, but only

knocked over, before he can recover himself the hunters are upon him, shooting and striking as fast as they can; in the end they conquer, yet generally leave a few strips of their flesh on the claws of the expiring lion.

If the hunters are not at once successful in this combined attack, the nearer the lion is to death the more dangerous he becomes. He kills or mutilates the man he happens to get hold of; sometimes he will take him in his mouth and carry him along, shaking him as he goes, then, dropping him, will spring upon the others. But if, when mortally wounded, he gets hold of a man, he inflicts on him the tortures to which a cat subjects a mouse. One of the bravest of the band now approaches close to the lion, for the purpose of firing straight into his brain. Should the creature's strength be exhausted, he crushes the head of his victim just as the shot is about to be fired, then closes his eyes and awaits death; but if still capable of action, he kills the man in his power, and then bounds upon the one who has come to his assistance. The lion dead, there is much rejoicing among the Arabs, for there is a foe less to prey upon their flocks.

It is not thus that Dr. Livingstone speaks of the lion of South Africa; he not only doubts his courage, but calls him a positive coward; and he, if any man,



had a large knowledge of the character of the animal, and frequently came into painfully close contact with him.

‘The African lion,’ he says, ‘is somewhat larger than the biggest dog, and the face, which is not much like the usual drawings, partakes very strongly of the canine features. If he is encountered in the daytime, he turns slowly round after first gazing a second or two, walks as slowly away for a dozen paces looking over his shoulder, quickens his step to a trot till he thinks himself out of sight, and then bounds off like a greyhound. As a rule, there is not the smallest danger of a lion which is unmolested attacking man in the light. When the moon was shining we seldom tied up our oxen, but let them lie loose by the waggon, while on a dark rainy night, if there was a single beast in the neighbourhood, he was almost sure to attempt to kill one of our cattle. His approach is always stealthy except when wounded. A lion, however, with whelps will brave almost every danger. A person has only to cross where the wind blows from him to the animals, and both male and female will rush at him.

‘When a lion is very hungry, and lying in wait, the sight of an animal may excite him to go after it. A hunter who was stealthily crawling towards a rhinoceros happened to glance behind him, and found

to his horror a lion *stalking him*. He only escaped by springing up a tree like a cat. The lion has a characteristic which he seems to possess in common with the rest of the feline species, that any appearance of a trap brings him to a stand. A horse ran away, and was stopped by the bridle catching a stump. He remained a prisoner for two days, and when found, the whole space around him was marked by the footprints of lions. They had been afraid to attack the haltered horse, from the apprehension that it was a trap. A couple came by night to within three yards of the place where the oxen were tied to a waggon, and a sheep to a tree. They stood roaring, but were afraid to make a spring.

‘Nothing that I ever learned of the lion would lead me to attribute to it either the ferocious or noble character ascribed to it elsewhere. He chiefly preys upon defenceless creatures; and frequently, when a buffalo calf is caught by him, the cow rushes to the rescue, and a toss from her often kills him. On the plain, south of Sebituane’s Ford, a herd of these animals kept a number of lions from their young by the males turning their heads to the enemy. A toss, indeed, from a bull would put an end to the strongest lion that ever breathed. The calves of elephants are sometimes torn by lions, but every living thing retires before the lordly parent, though

even a full-grown specimen would be an easier prey than the rhinoceros. The mere sight of the latter is sufficient to make the lion rush away. Yet of his great strength there can be no doubt. The immense masses of muscle around his jaws, shoulders, and forearms, proclaim tremendous force.'

Thus much for the South African lion; now let us see how the doctor himself fared in an encounter with one; and the incident cannot be better told than in his own language:—

'The Bakátla of the village Mabotsa were troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle-pens by night and destroyed their cows. They even attacked the herds in the open day. This was so unusual an occurrence, that the people believed themselves bewitched,—“given,” as they said, “into the power of the lions by a neighbouring tribe.” They went once to attack the animals, but, being rather cowardly in comparison with the Bechuanas in general, they returned without slaying any. It is well known that if one in a troop of lions is killed, the remainder leave that part of the country. The next time, therefore, the herds were attacked, I went with the people to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders.

'We found the animals on a small hill covered

'with trees. The men formed round it in a circle, and gradually closed up as they advanced. Being below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebálwe, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring. Mebálwe fired at him, and the ball hit the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; and then, leaping away, broke through the circle and escaped unhurt. If the Bakatla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared him in his attempt to get out, but they were afraid to attack him. When the circle was re-formed, we saw two other lions in it; but dared not fire lest we should shoot some of the people. The beasts burst through the line, and, as it was evident the men could not be prevailed on to face their foes, we bent our footsteps towards the village.

'In going round the end of the hill, I saw a lion sitting on a piece of rock, about thirty yards off, with a little bush in front of him. I took a good aim at him through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men called out, "He is shot! he is shot!" Others cried, "He has been shot by another man too, let us go to him!" I saw the lion's tail erected in anger, and, turning to

the people, said, "Stop a little till I load again." When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout, and looking half round, I saw the lion in the act of springing upon me. He caught me by the shoulder, and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first grip of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe; they see the operation, but do not feel the knife. This placidity is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, it is a merciful provision of the Creator for lessening the pain of death.

'As he had one paw on the back of my head, I turned round to relieve myself of the weight, and saw his eyes directed to Mebláwe, who was aiming at him from a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, which was a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The animal immediately left me to attack him, and bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion,

upon which he turned from Mebálwe and seized this fresh foe by the shoulder. At that moment the bullets the beast had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage.

‘In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcase, which was declared to be the largest ever seen. Besides crunching the bones into splinters, eleven of his teeth had penetrated the upper part of my arm. The bite of a lion resembles a gun-shot wound. It is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and ever afterwards pains are felt periodically in the part. I had on a tartan jacket, which, I believe, wiped off the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in the affray have both suffered from the usual pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The wound of the man who was bit in the shoulder, actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year.’

The Boer, Petrus Jacobs, was the most renowned of South African hunters, he had probably shot more lions than any other man that ever lived;

but on one occasion he was nearly becoming a victim to the lordly beast. He was hunting on the farther side of the Umniati River, and while sitting in the shade of his waggon, his daughter-in-law called to him in eager tone, 'Look, Uncle Peter, look, there comes a pig down to the water!' Up jumped Peter, saying, 'That's no pig, my child; it's a lion stalking the horses.' Seizing his rifle, and calling to his dogs, he hastened to drive the beast away. As soon as the lion saw him he turned tail and made off, escaping scot free from the shot fired by Peter; but the dogs, rushing forward, brought him to bay in a little hill composed of large blocks of stone. Quickly reloading, Peter, followed by a Kafir boy, made his way to where the dogs were fiercely barking, and soon saw the tawny brute lying flat and motionless on the top of a great stone, his head couched on his outstretched paws. As soon as the lion saw our hunter, he sprang from the stone, and at full speed charged furiously at him, with the dogs following behind. For the second time Peter fired and apparently missed, for, with open and glaring eyes, the furious brute rushed upon him, and, seizing him by the thigh, threw him down, biting him fearfully; then relinquishing the thigh, he seized him by the left arm and hand,

and then seized him by the other thigh. This was not done without some annoyance from the faithful dogs, who all the time were worrying his hindquarters, and made it so warm that he turned from the hunter to attack them. Mangled as Peter was, he managed to struggle to his feet, and stagger back to the waggon. 'The confounded lion has done for me,' he cried, as his daughter raised her voice in horror at his appearance. The lion escaped, and the wounded man was carried to an encampment of Boers at Sebakwe, where his wounds were dressed with castor oil and fresh milk; and within two months he was again able to be about on horseback, but for years his wounds, especially in damp weather, gave him great pain.

A party of hunters were encamped on the banks of a small stream, a tributary of the Umfuli River, South Africa. The waggons stood parallel with one another, allowing of sufficient space for the horses being tied between them. In front of the waggons stood the cattle kraal, made high and strong; this and the waggons were surrounded by a second strong, high fence. In the space between the fence and the waggons the Kafirs made their sleeping-places, keeping up large fires during the night. Thus fenced and fire-guarded, all thought



they were secure from the attacks of lions, which they knew were in numbers in the neighbourhood. But a few days after everything had been comfortably settled, and in the dead of the night, the camp was aroused by the shrieking of a pet baboon, that was fastened in front of one of the waggons, while at the same time a horse was heard violently struggling to get loose. A young colonist named Ruthven, and a Bamangwato boy named Buckram, rushed forward to see what was the matter, and found one of the horses in the clutches of a lion. Shouting and waving their blankets, the beast became frightened, and, leaving the horse, made good its retreat in the darkness. Although badly bitten on the back of the neck just behind the head, and scratched about the neck, he had received no material injury, yet for more than eight months the wounds remained unhealed. This adventure made the men replenish the fires and keep a sharp look-out for the rest of the night; but nothing further occurred to disturb their peace.

The next morning the hole in the fence through which the lioness had crept was discovered. In this two guns were fixed in such a manner that, if the lioness were to pay another visit by the same way, she would effect her own destruction. About ten o'clock,

when all was quiet in the camp, and the fires burning somewhat low, when one of the men said to a young Kafir sitting near him, 'Blow up the fire, I hear something moving outside the fence.' The boy did as he was desired, and, as the fire was blazing up, the lioness appeared in their midst, and seized an old man by the leg, making her teeth meet behind the shinbones. The old fellow was equal to the occasion, and with great presence of mind he forced his hands into her mouth, one on each side; the beast relinquished her hold, and seized another Kafir by the buttock, who, feeling an unpleasant sensation behind, he put his hand there, when the lioness, relinquishing her first hold, seized it, and began dragging him, shrieking, away. At that moment Ruthven fired, the shot frightened the beast, and dropping her prey again disappeared in the darkness. All the camp was now aroused, and shots were fired in quick succession. When order was a little restored, young Ruthven was found lying dead with the upper part of his head blown off. In the confusion he had been accidentally shot. The wounds of those who had been bitten were dressed, and a blanket thrown over the unfortunate Ruthven. Later in the night one of the guns placed in the hole in the fence was heard to go off, and later still the second. No one slept during the remainder of the night, but at daylight there was a cry,

‘Stab her! stab her!’ And at the hole in the fence lay the lioness, which, on her third visit, had met her fate, the bullet from the second gun having gone right through her heart.

‘We arrived at a small village of Bakalahari,’ says Gordon Cummings, ‘who told me that elephants were abundant on the opposite side of the river. I accordingly drew my waggons up on the river’s bank, within thirty yards of the water, and about one hundred from the native village; and, having outspanned, we at once set about making a kraal of the worst description of thorn-trees. This I was very careful about doing, and my cattle were thus secured by a strong kraal, which enclosed my two waggons, the horses being made fast to a trektow stretched between the hind-wheels of the waggons. I had yet, however, a fearful lesson to learn as to the habits of the lion, of which I at one time entertained so little fear; and on this night a horrible tragedy was acted in my little lonely camp, of so very awful and appalling a nature as to make the blood curdle in our veins. I worked till near sundown with Hendrick, my first waggon-driver,—I cutting down the trees, and he dragging them to the kraal; and, when that for the cattle was finished, turned my attention to making a pot of barley-broth, and lighted a fire between the waggons and the water,

close to the river's bank, under a dense grove of shady trees, making no sort of kraal around our sitting-place for the evening.

'The Hottentots, according to their usual custom, being satisfied with the shelter of a large dense bush, made their fire about fifty yards from mine. The evening passed away cheerfully. Elephants were heard soon after dark breaking trees in the forest across the river, and once or twice I strolled away into the darkness some distance from the fireside to listen to them. I little at that moment imagined the imminent peril to which I was exposing my life, or thought that a bloodthirsty man-eater lion was near, and only watching his opportunity to spring in the midst of us, and consign one of our number to a most horrible death. About three hours after sundown, I called my men to come and take their coffee; and after supper, three of them—John Stolofus, Hendrick, and Ruyter—returned before their comrades to their own fireside, and lay down. Hendrick and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire under one blanket, and Stolofus on the other. At this moment I was eating some barley-broth at my fire, which was small, for, owing to our proximity to the village, wood was very scarce. The night was pitch dark and windy.

'Suddenly the appalling and savage roar of an

angry lion burst upon my ear within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots; again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek; still, for a few moments, we thought the lion was only chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but, next instant, Stolofus rushed into the midst of us almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out,—

“The lion! the lion! He has got Hendrick; he dragged him away from the fire beside me; I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold. Hendrick is dead! Oh, God! Hendrick is dead! Let us take fire and seek him.”

‘On hearing this the rest of my people rushed about, shrieking and yelling as if they were mad, which made me angry with them for their folly, and I told them that if they did not keep quiet, the lion would in all probability have another of us, and that very likely there was a troop of them. I then ordered the dogs to be let loose, and the fire increased as far as it could be. I likewise shouted Hendrick’s name, but all was still, and, hunting my dogs forward, had everything brought within the cattle kraal, and closed the entrance as well as we could. To help the dead man was impossible.

‘My terrified people sat round the fire with guns in their hands all night, fancying every moment that the lion would return and spring again in the midst of us. When the dogs were first let go, the stupid brutes, as dogs often prove when most required, instead of going at the lion, rushed fiercely on one another, and fought desperately for some minutes; after this they got his wind, and, going at him, showed us his position, and here they kept up a continued barking until day dawned, the lion occasionally springing after them and driving them in upon the kraal. The horrible monster had dragged the unfortunate man into a little hollow at the back of the thick bush, beside which the fire was kindled, and here, within forty yards of us, he devoured him, careless of our proximity.

‘It appeared that when the wretched Hendrick had risen to drive in an ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had scarcely lain down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter, and, roaring, grappled him with his fearful claws, biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck, having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backwards round the bush into the dense shade.

‘As the animal lay upon the unfortunate man, he faintly cried, “Help me, help me! Oh, God! men,

help me!" After which all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking beneath the teeth of the lion. Stolofus was lying with his back to the fire on the opposite side, and, hearing the lion, sprang up, and seizing a large flaming brand, belaboured him on the head with the burning wood, but the brute did not take any notice of him. The Bushman had a narrow escape, and did not get off altogether scatheless, the lion having inflicted two gashes on him with his claws.

'As the day broke we heard the lion dragging something up the river-side under cover of the bank, and, having driven the cattle out of the kraal, proceeded to inspect the scene of the night's awful tragedy. In the hollow, where the beast had consumed his prey, we found one leg of the unfortunate Hendrick, bitten off below the knee, the shoe still on his foot; the grass and bushes were all stained with blood, and fragments of his pea-coat lay around.

'The lion had dragged the remains of poor Hendrick along a native footpath that led up the river-side; we found fragments of his coat all along the spoor, and at last the mangled coat itself. About six hundred yards from our camp, the dry bed of a stream joined the Limpopo, and at this spot there was much shade, cover, and heaps of dry reeds and trees deposited by the river in some great flood. The lion had left the

footpath and entered this secluded spot, and, feeling convinced that we were upon him, I ordered the natives to let the dogs go, when they walked suspiciously forward on the spoor, and next minute began to spring about, barking angrily, with all their hair bristling on their backs; a crash upon the dry reeds immediately followed,—it was the lion bounding away.

‘Then commenced a short but lively and glorious chase. The lion held up the river’s bank for a short distance, and took away through some wait-a-bit thorn cover, the best he could find, but nevertheless open; here, in two minutes, the dogs were up with him, and he turned and stood at bay. As I approached, his horrid head was to me, his jaws open, and growling fiercely, and his tail waving from side to side.

‘On beholding the brute my blood boiled with rage, and, setting my teeth, I dashed my steed forward within thirty yards of him, and shouting, “*Your time is up, old fellow,*” placed my rifle to my shoulder, and waited for a broadside. This the next moment he exposed, when I sent a bullet through his shoulder and dropped him on the spot; he again rose, but I finished him with a second in the breast. The natives now came up in wonder and delight, and ordering John to cut off his head and forepaws and



bring them to the waggoas, I mounted my horse and galloped home. When the Bakalahari women heard that the man-eater was dead, they danced for joy, calling me their "*father*."

A son of the veteran missionary, Robert Moffat, himself at one time engaged in mission work, but now employed in Her Majesty's service, once told, in our hearing, an exciting story of a man facing an enraged lioness. He had started from Kuruman, where he was then stationed, for a long journey in the far interior; and was accompanied by a number of natives, some for the purpose of driving the waggons, tending the cattle, and performing the various work of the camp, while others were engaged for the sole purpose of hunting game to supply the larder with fresh meat.

All along the route game of all kinds was very plentiful, and there was no lack of provender wherever and whenever the camp was pitched, while now and again some amount of excitement was raised from encounters with animals, other than those destined for food. At night frequent alarms were caused by the trampling and lowing of the oxen, whose acute senses informed them of the close proximity of foes on the watch to seize them.

One of the native hunters was a bold and fearless fellow, and wonderfully successful, a skilful marksman,

and untiring in the pursuit. In short, he was not only the bravest but the most skilful hunter of the party, and was looked up to with admiration by his comrades.

One morning, when the camp was to remain pitched during the day to rest and recruit the cattle, this hunter, whose unpronounceable name we have forgotten, took a light spear and went into the bush to hunt for small game, to procure, if possible, something toothsome for breakfast. For some time he searched in vain; had he been adequately armed, he could again and again have bagged larger animals which were constantly darting across his path. He roamed farther and farther from the camp, determined not to go back empty-handed.

While silently and pryingly making his way through the bushes, he suddenly emerged into a small opening clear of undergrowth, and here his attention was attracted by seeing two lion-whelps at play. They were each about as large as a good-sized dog, and were rolling and tumbling over each other like two Newfoundland puppies. Their fierce instincts were not yet sufficiently developed to make them dangerous, so the hunter, after standing for a time watching them, and enjoying their frolics, ventured to draw near and join in their sports. This the whelps permitted with much affability, and soon all three

were engaged in a thorough game of romps; the man rolling on the ground, and the whelps jumping on to him and over him, or else all three joining in a run. The hunter enjoyed the sport as much apparently as did his strange companions, and gave vent to many a joyous laugh. Without thought, he abandoned himself to the spirit of the scene.

Suddenly, while thus engaged, the thought flashed across his mind that the mother of the two whelps could not be very far distant, and would doubtless return at any moment. He knew quite sufficient of a lioness's nature to come to the rapid conclusion that she would instantly resent his familiarity with her young ones, and that if he did not speedily take his departure, he would most likely have good cause to repent of not so doing. He therefore rose from the ground, and, catching up his spear, darted into the bush with a celerity that proved he was conscious of the imminency of the danger to which he had so thoughtlessly exposed himself. To his chagrin and dismay, the whelps followed! They had been too well pleased with their novel playmate to be willingly desirous of losing him; so, scampering after him, and jumping round about his legs, they considerably impeded his flight. In vain he attempted to drive them away; his gestures and shouts they took for further manifestations of his friendliness, and stuck to him with a persistency there

was no overcoming. In his dilemma the man stood still, for a moment not knowing what course to adopt to rid himself of his undesirable friends.

While thus pausing and deliberating, a sound travelled to his ears, the nature of which he could not fail in recognising. It was the roar of the lioness. She had evidently returned to the place where she had left her young, and not finding them, was pursuing their trail. A tremor shook the man's whole frame as the angry roar smote upon his ear. How was it possible to escape? He had no arms with which to defend himself; his slight spear was of no more use than a bulrush. Nothing seemed to stand between him and a fearful death. Once again the hunter trusted to his speed of foot. The two whelps had recognised their mother's voice, and for a moment stood in a listening attitude, as much as to say, 'Call again, we are not quite sure what you want.' But no sooner did they see the hunter making off than they again followed. To the degree in which the low fierce growlings of the lioness drew nearer and nearer, so the terror of the poor man increased. He rushed on, heedless of obstructions, his one thought was to escape. But, however fast he ran, the lioness appeared to run faster; he could tell that she was coming terribly near. Terror seemed to quicken to an acute degree his sense of hearing. At length his

terror was so great that it deprived him of all strength. He could run no farther.

Just at this moment the lioness burst in view. The man turned swiftly round upon his heel and faced her ! It was not courage or intrepidity which made him do this, it was simply the magnetic influence of terror which compelled him to face his foe. His eyes were wild with a lurid light, and they sought those of the lioness, where they rested unflinchingly. The beast was crouching ready for a spring, when the eyes of the man, fixed upon her own, arrested her. In that attitude they faced each other for several minutes, which to the man appeared an eternity ; then the lioness moved stealthily round her intended victim, watching for an unguarded moment ; but as she moved, so did the man, still facing her. Twice the fierce beast made a complete circuit round the hunter, and each time baffled in her intentions by those lurid eyes fastened upon her own. All this time the whelps were gambolling about the man's feet, and licking his bare legs, till at length their rough tongues caused the blood to flow ; this the whelps seemed to greatly relish, and licked away with increased vigour. The man attempted once or twice to kick them away, but the fierce growling of the maternal beast made it wise for him to desist. Finding that the man was not to be caught off his guard, and intimidated by those fearful

eyes, the lioness finally gave up the contest, and calling to her whelps, turned tail, and with them at her heels slunk into the bush. When she had totally disappeared, the man fell down in a swoon, in which condition he was found by his comrades, who had come in search of him, his long absence from the camp making them fearful some accident had befallen him. For several days the man's nervous system was so unstrung that he was totally incapacitated from following his favourite pursuit. 'This,' said Mr. Moffat, in conclusion, 'is the only instance I know of a lion or lioness being intimidated by the human eye.'

As an instance of the dangerous character of the lion when enraged by wounds, Sir Samuel Baker mentions the death of a German, named Florian, who had accompanied him on a hunting expedition. He had wounded an elephant, but did not follow it up till the following morning, when it was found dead, and partially devoured by a lion; one of the hunters immediately set out in pursuit of the animal, which he soon found lying beneath a bush, reposing after his meal; the man fired, wounding him in the thigh, then ran back and told his master what he had done. Florian accompanied him to the spot; the lion had not moved, but lay licking his wound; no sooner did he perceive his foes than he crouched for a spring; Florian fired, but missed;—fired a second time, but

the ball merely grazed the creature's skin, which in a moment bounded forward, struck Florian upon the head with a terrific blow, at the same time seizing him by the throat. With great presence of mind, and rare courage, the hunter placed the muzzle of his rifle to the lion's ear, and blew out his brains. Unhappily, the unfortunate Florian was dead; but so powerful had been the animal's blow, that his claws had penetrated the skull, and were extracted with great difficulty.

During this same expedition, Sir Samuel himself had ample proof of the fury of the lion in his death agonies. His camp being well supplied with meat,—hanging suspended from the branches of the trees in the process of drying,—attracted all the wild beasts in the immediate neighbourhood, who prowled around the thorn fence which protected the camp. One night a lion, more bold than the rest, attempted to enter, but was driven off by a shower of firebrands. Baker's men urged him to get up and shoot him, but this he declined, promising to pursue it in the morning. Early the next day, accompanied by two of his men, he set off in pursuit; but in vain he searched the densest thorn thickets, and the most secluded spots. He could not, during the whole day, succeed in catching a glimpse of his nocturnal visitor, and it was not till the evening, as he was returning

disconsolately to the camp, carrying his rifle carelessly upon his shoulder, that he was startled by a sudden roar, and saw a magnificent lion standing not ten yards from him. Taking a quick but sure aim, he fired; the lion gave a convulsive bound, and rolled over backwards; another shot was fired, and one of his men handed him a spare rifle.

‘The lion, in the greatest fury,’ says Sir Samuel, ‘with his shaggy mane bristled in the air, roared with death-like growls, as open-mouthed he endeavoured to charge upon us; but he dragged his hindquarters upon the ground, and I saw immediately that the little Fletcher had broken his spine. In his tremendous exertions to attack, he rolled over and over, gnashing his horrible jaws, and tearing holes in the sandy ground at each blow of his tremendous paws, that would have crushed a man’s skull like an egg-shell. Seeing that he was *hors de combat*, I took it coolly, as it was already dusk, and the lion having rolled into a dark and thick bush, I thought it would be advisable to defer the final attack, as he would be dead before morning.’

The day following: ‘Upon arrival near the spot which we supposed to have been the scene of the encounter, we were rather puzzled, as there was nothing to distinguish the locality,—one place exactly resembled another, as the country was flat and sandy,



interspersed with thick jungle of green nabbuk,—we accordingly spread out to beat for the lion. Presently Hadji Ali cried out, “There he lies, dead!” And I immediately rode to the spot, together with the people. A tremendous roar greeted us, as the lion started to his fore-feet, and with his beautiful mane erect, and his great hazel eyes flashing fire, he gave a succession of deep short roars, and challenged us to fight. This was a grand picture; he looked like a true lord of the forest; but I pitied the poor brute, as he was helpless, and although the spirit was game to the last, his strength was paralysed by a broken back.’ Riding to within six yards of the lion, the adventurous traveller shot him through the brain, and thus put an end to his distress.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ELEPHANT-HUNTING.

NEXT to the lion, the elephant is considered the most formidable of animals to attack; and from the innumerable stories extant concerning them, this statement is strongly confirmed. They are generally found in droves, in the recesses of the forest, and their path can be easily traced by the trees which they have despoiled for food. When found singly they are called 'rovers,' and are more wild and savage than any others, either from sourness of temper, or because they have been driven from the herd to lead a life of loneliness. Their strength is something enormous, and their size greater than any other animal of the Dark Continent. But however gigantic in size, or however prodigious in strength, man has proved himself superior to him, as he has to every other creature. The resources of civilization and his inventive power have placed at his command weapons that prove more than a match for him. Hunting the elephant has not

only been an amusement to the adventurous spirit, but become a profession to many; he is hunted and killed for the sake of his ivory, while he proves a welcome dish to countless African natives.

‘This wonderful animal,’ says Gordon Cumming, ‘is met with in herds of various numbers through the vast forests. The male is very much larger than the female, consequently much more difficult to kill; he is provided with two enormous tusks, which are long, tapering, and beautifully arched; their length averages from six to eight feet, and they weigh from sixty to one hundred pounds each. In the vicinity of the Equator, elephants attain a greater size than farther south, and I am in the possession of a pair of tusks of the African bull elephant, the larger of which measures ten feet nine inches in length, and weighs 173 pounds: the females, unlike Asiatic elephants in this respect, are likewise provided with tusks. The price which the largest ivory fetches in the English market is from £28 to £40 per 112 pounds. Old bull elephants are found singly or in pairs, or consorting together in small herds, varying from six to twenty individuals; the younger bulls remain for many years in the company of their mothers, and these are met with in large herds of from twenty to a hundred individuals. The food of the elephant consists of the branches, leaves, and roots of trees,

and also a variety of bulbs, the situation of which he discovers by his exquisite sense of smell; to obtain these he turns up the ground with his tusks, and whole acres may be seen thus ploughed up.'

When His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh visited Cape Town in the *Galatea*, he was very desirous of participating in the excitement of a hunt; and finding two willing agents in General Bisset and Sir Walter Currie, who knew there were large droves of these huge animals in a forest known as Kuysna, immediately set out for the interior with the Governor and a large party of gentlemen and hunters. The Duke apparently fully intended to share in the toils and labours of the expedition, for he assisted in pitching the tents at the first camp, and with his indiarubber tub went to the stream for his own water, and afterwards assisted in carrying large bundles of wood to the camp fire.

The experienced hunters soon discovered the whereabouts of the elephants, and the whole party went in pursuit. It had been agreed between Currie and Bisset before starting, that when in the near neighbourhood of game, the Duke should be induced to mount into a tree, so that any chance of an accident befalling him would be avoided; but it so chanced that when they got into the forest, all the trees were found to have straight trunks, upwards of fifty or

sixty feet high, without a branch of any sort, so that climbing one was out of the question.

Some of the hunters had brought dogs with them, and, to prevent their following, they had been caught and tied up with thongs; but soon they gnawed through the thongs and followed the party in full cry. The elephants have a terrible dread of dogs; no sooner did they hear the loud yelping, than rushing together they formed a regular square, or rather circle, all their heads and tusks outwards, and so stood for some minutes in an attitude of defiance. Soon, however, finding that nothing came to attack them, they broke up and rushed direct for that part of the forest where the party were waiting. 'Luckily,' says General Bisset, 'we had got to very near the spot we intended, when the elephants came crashing into the forest, not twenty yards from us, making large trees and underwood go down like straw before them. His Royal Highness, Currie, Rex, and myself had so far secured a good position, that we were on high ground, with the dry bed of a stream or gully immediately before us, and also the sloping trunk of a great tree which had fallen. We had not much time for thought before the elephants were upon us; but two of the hunters and His Royal Highness were the only ones who got shots at the monsters. The Prince fired two shots at one of the "bulls" close to

us, which made him and the rest turn and go back over the open in the direction of the great forest, the dogs which had joined us following them up, and barking, or speaking, as a fox-hunter would call it in England, like a pack of hounds.

‘The hunters were very much excited, exclaiming that the elephant was wounded, and that the dogs would never leave him. So off we started as fast as we could in pursuit, and it was after we had got out of the forest, and into what we thought to be the “open,” that we found our difficulty. This scrub and tangled vegetation was in most parts up to a man’s neck, and unless in the elephant tracks there was no getting through it at all. However, His Royal Highness had got into one of these tracks or paths, was outstripping us all, and would most likely have rushed right on to the elephants and been killed, had not I put my best leg foremost and ran on and caught him by the belt, until Currie and others came up.

‘It is well that we had foreseen the danger, for all at once, as we approached the great forest, there were all the elephants, at the very edge of it, wheeled about and showing fight to the dogs. Towards the edge of the forest the scrub bush got higher and higher, and when we had approached to within about eighty yards of the elephants, one cow elephant charged the dogs,

which came running back on us, followed by the elephant to within a few yards of us. There was, however, so much brushwood, and it was just there so high, that the Prince could not get a shot at her. All those around the Prince were holding their shots for him to fire first, when a hot-headed Irishman, who was standing far behind the Prince, and at some distance above, fired; and those who had reserved their shots, thinking that it was the royal sportsman who had shot, no longer reserved their fire. In a moment a regular volley was poured into this elephant as she swerved away from us after the first shot. To me she seemed to disappear so suddenly that I thought she had fallen over in the underwood; such, however, was not the case. The sight we saw from this spot was one of the grandest I have ever looked on. The elephants on reaching the edge of the great forest had wheeled about, and were charging the dogs one after the other. We could not approach them, as the brushwood grew gradually higher, and was very soon over our heads, and so thick and tangled that we could not force our way through it. Some of the elephants on our left front had young ones or calves by their side, and as the dogs attacked these mostly, they were being defended by several big elephants. To see these monsters charge, with their great ears thrown forward, and trumpeting as if the last day

had come, whilst great trees went down before them as if they were rotten sticks, was wonderful. But at the same time it was quite impossible to approach and shoot the monsters.'

All at once four large elephants were seen standing by themselves on the face of a declivity which led down to the small forest; they appeared easy of access, and all the hunters ran towards them. The Prince took his stand upon a rotten stump of a tree, took deliberate aim, and fired off his large elephant-gun into one of them. The first shot was a shell, which was seen to strike the elephant just behind the shoulder, and smoke was actually seen to come out of the small hole from the exploded shell. The elephant fell on to his knees and trumpeted a terrific blast; this it repeated on the second shot. Others of the party now fired, but no elephant was brought to the ground, they struggled on into the small forest. It was too late to continue the chase, and the Prince and his party returned to the camp, where, over their pipes, the hunters discussed the hunt over again.

Again the Prince set out to try fortune. This time a 'rover' elephant was started; but although it furiously charged the dogs, it refused to quit the shelter of a dense cluster of trees and brush. While the royal party were endeavouring to get within gun shot, a second 'rover' broke through the trees, and



charged out on a Hottentot, trumpeting enough to make the ground tremble. Helter-skelter went the Hottentot, lashing his horse, and looking over his shoulder in dreadful alarm, shouting, 'Shoot! shoot! for God's sake, master, shoot!' The monster was overhauling him at every stride, already his trunk was raised for a fatal blow, when the elephant, spying the cluster of hunters, immediately directed his fury towards them, trumpeting a blast that might almost awake the dead. The Prince stood perfectly calm and collected, and not a muscle moved in his face. All waited for the Prince to fire. He did not, however, pull trigger until the monster was within twenty yards of him, and then deliberately fired both barrels into his head. The first shot, a shell, entered the head rather high up over the left eye, passing into the skull, and exploded inside, passing out upwards, and carrying away a large portion of the upper skull. The second ball entered the centre of the head, passed back into the honeycombed portion of it, and was cut out near the vertebræ. The shots of the Prince had saved the party, for when the elephant received them he shut his eyes, shook his great head, and swerved to the left; at that moment Currie raised his gun and planted a ball directly behind the right ear, and the great monster fell to the ground, ploughing its great tusks some six feet

into the earth. As the animal was still struggling, the Prince put a couple more balls into the carcase and quieted him for ever. Thus ended the Prince's hunt.

It is not always that elephant-hunting is unattended with danger; sometimes this arises from the carelessness of the hunter himself, often from a desire to exhibit a mere bravado of courage. The story is told of a celebrated Boer hunter, one of the most successful and daring of his class, who had brought more elephants to the ground than any other man, making a bet that he would approach a herd of elephants and successfully pull out several of the long hairs from the end of the tail of one of them, and return in safety. It was in vain that his companion tried to dissuade him from the rash enterprise. He went, but never returned; his comrades found him trampled to death, but with a number of hairs in his right hand.

An Indian officer, while travelling in South Africa, had a convincing proof of the dangers of elephant-hunting, and of the rage and fury of the animal when wounded. One day a large male elephant came right up to his waggons; he was at once attacked, but, turning tail, made off as fast as he could, hotly pursued by the officer and his companions; after receiving several shots he crept into a

thick thorny underwood. Thinking he was fatally wounded, they made their way into the thicket where he was hid; to their surprise, the animal rushed out on them, and seizing one with his trunk, pulled him from his horse and trampled him to death, and driving one of his tusks through the body, threw him a distance of thirty feet into the jungle. The rest, seeing there was no escaping on horseback, hastily flung themselves off and crept into the thicket. The still infuriated elephant now gave chase to one of the horses, then returned to the spot where the dead man lay, with the evident intention of venting his fury on the insensible body; but the whole party combining attacked him vigorously, driving him again into the thick wood. Concluding he had gone for good, the hunters proceeded to dig a grave for their unfortunate companion; while thus occupied, the elephant again charged down upon them, scattering them to the four winds. Another attack was now made upon him, and after receiving several bullets he began to stagger; then falling to the ground, a few more shots killed him. Those of the party experienced in elephants declared that he was the fleetest and most furious of elephants they had ever seen.

During his hunting exploits in South Africa, Gordon Cumming one day came upon a herd of

mighty bull elephants, four of them full grown, and of the four, two possessed much finer tusks than the others; but one breaking from the herd, he cantered up to him with the intention of giving him a shot, when the animal turned, and, 'uttering a trumpet so strong and shrill that the very earth seemed to vibrate beneath my feet, he charged furiously after me for several hundred yards in a direct line, not in the slightest degree interrupted in his course by the trees, which he snapped and overthrew like reeds in his headlong career. At length he pulled up in his charge, and as he slowly turned to retreat, I let fly at his shoulder,—“Sunday” capering and prancing, and giving me much trouble. On receiving the ball the elephant shrugged his shoulder, and made off at a free majestic walk. This shot brought several of the dogs to my assistance; and on their coming up and barking, another headlong charge was the result, accompanied by the never-failing trumpet as before. In this charge he passed close to me, when I saluted him with a second bullet in the shoulder, of which he did not take the slightest notice, and I now determined not to fire again until I could make a steady shot.'

Presently, becoming reckless of danger, Cumming sprang from his horse, and approaching the elephant, under cover of a tree, gave him a bullet in the

side of the head, when he charged among the dogs, thinking the blow had come from them, and afterwards took up a position in a grove of thorns, with his head towards his foe. Cumming now walked up close to him, waited coolly until in charging he approached within fifteen yards, then let drive at the hollow of his forehead, vainly hoping the shot would terminate his career; but it only served to increase his fury, and continuing his headlong course with incredible swiftness and impetuosity, he nearly put an end to the bold hunter's life. The natives who had come up yelled with horror, thinking their master was killed, for the elephant at one time was almost on the top of him. Activity, however, saved him; but while dodging round the bushy trees, an enormous thorn ran into the sole of his foot, causing him severe pain.

The elephant now held on through the forest at a sweeping pace, and was almost out of sight before Cumming could mount and go in pursuit. The animal kept crashing along at a steady pace, blood streaming from his wounds, and it was long before the hunter could fire again; at length he received a sharp right and left behind the shoulder, when he made a long charge, rumbling and trumpeting as before. All the men had now come up,

and were following a short distance behind. Six broadsides were now fired into the elephant, and at each one he made a fresh charge at his daring antagonist, pursuing him back to his men, who fled in all directions.

'The sun,' says Cumming, 'had now sunk behind the trees; it would very soon be dark, and, notwithstanding all he had received, the elephant did not seem much distressed. I recollected that my time was short, and therefore resolved to close with him and fire on foot. This I did,—approaching very near, and sending my balls right and left in the side of the head, upon which he made a long and determined charge; but I was now thoroughly cool, for I saw he could not overtake me, and in a twinkling was loaded, and gave him both barrels behind his shoulder. Another trumpeting, which sent "Sunday" flying through the forest, and a terrific charge followed; this was his final one. His wounds began to tell, and he stood at bay beside a thorny tree, with the dogs barking furiously around him. Reloading, I now fired right and left at his forehead, but it was evident that he could not charge again, and on receiving these shots tossed his trunk up and down, and by various signs and motions, most gratifying to the hungry natives, evinced that his end was near. My next bullet

struck him behind his shoulder, and this was the last, for as I moved round the tree beside which he stood to give him the other barrel, it was plain the mighty old monarch of the forest needed no more; and before I could clear the bushes, he fell heavily on his side, and drew his last breath. My feelings at this moment can only be understood by the few brother Nimrods who have had the good fortune to enjoy a similar encounter.'

Mr. Selous, during his hunting experiences in South Africa, was on one occasion very nearly becoming a victim to an infuriated elephant. 'Having picked out,' he says, 'a good cow for my fifth victim, I gave her a shot behind the shoulder, on which she turned from the herd and walked slowly away by herself. As I cantered up behind her, she wheeled round, and stood facing me, with her ears spread, and her head raised. My horse was now so tired that he stood well, so, reining in, I gave her a shot from his back, between the neck and the shoulder, which I believe just stopped her from charging. On receiving this wound, she backed a few paces, gave her ears a flap against her sides, and then stood facing me again. I had just taken out the empty cartridge and was about to put a fresh one in, when, seeing that she

looked very vicious, and as I was not thirty yards from her, I caught the bridle, and turned the horse's head away, so as to be ready for a fair start in case of a charge. I was still holding my rifle with the breech open, when I saw that she was coming. Digging the spurs into my horse's ribs, I did my best to get him away; but he was so thoroughly done, that instead of springing forwards, which was what the emergency required, he only started at a walk, and was just breaking into a canter, when the elephant was upon us. I heard two sharp short screams above my head, and had just time to think it was all over with me, when, horse and all, I was dashed to the ground.

‘For a few seconds I was half stunned by the violence of the shock, and the first thing I became aware of, was a very strong smell of elephant. At the same instant I felt that I was still unhurt, and that, though in an unpleasant predicament, I had still a chance of life. I was, however, pressed down on the ground in such a way that I could not extricate my head. At last with a violent effort I wrenched myself loose, and threw my body over sideways, so that I rested on my hands. As I did so, I saw the hind-legs of the elephant standing like two pillars before me, and at once grasped the situation. She was on her knees, and her



head and tusks in the ground, and I had been pressed down under her chest, but luckily behind her fore-legs. Dragging myself from under her, I regained my feet, and made a hasty retreat, having had rather more than enough of elephants for the time being. I retained, however, sufficient presence of mind to run slowly, watching her movements over my shoulder, and directing mine accordingly. Almost immediately I had made my escape, she got up, and stood looking for me with her ears up and head raised, turning first to one side and then to the other, but never wheeling quite round. As she made these turns, I ran obliquely to the right or left, as the case might be, always endeavouring to keep her stern towards me. At length I gained the shelter of a small bush, and breathed freely once more.

‘All this time I never saw my horse, which must have been lying amongst the grass where we had been thrown to the ground. I thought he was dead. I walked to a rise to see what had become of him; I saw him standing without the saddle, but the elephant had walked away. Going up to my horse, I found that he had received an ugly wound in the buttock from behind, from which the blood was streaming down his leg; otherwise, barring a few abrasions, he was unhurt. My rifle having

been open at the breech when it fell to the ground, was full of sand, so that it was not until I had taken the lever out, using the point of an assegai for a screw-driver, that I managed to get it to work.'

Perhaps the most remarkable of all elephant-hunters are the sword-hunters of the Hamran Arabs, who kill all game with the sword. They inhabit the country south of Cassala, between that town and the Basé country. For a long time their exploits were considered as 'travellers' tales' only. Armed with a long, straight, two-edged sword, and a shield made from the hide of the rhinoceros, they attack and slay any animal from the gigantic elephant to the antelope. The sport is extremely dangerous; depending as it does on the skill and agility of the hunter, one false stroke might prove fatal, one false step place him within reach of his infuriated victims. Some of these daring men, being too poor to purchase horses, hunt on foot, when the plan pursued is to follow the tracks of the elephant at that particular hour of the day when the animal is either drowsy or asleep. With stealthy steps they cautiously approach the animal, lying in fancied security with his trunk extended upon the ground, and with one blow of the sword sever the trunk.

Up starts the elephant, but the hunters, too adroit for him, have disappeared; and in about an hour's time the huge animal bleeds to death. Should, however, the hunters find their intended victim awake, they creep cautiously up behind him, and give a tremendous blow at the back sinew of the hind-leg, about a foot above the heel. The severed sinew at once disables the beast, and it becomes easy to approach and sever the other. The arteries being divided, the animal bleeds to death.

Those who hunt with the horse, have an equally if not more dangerous task to accomplish. Sir Samuel Baker has given us a graphic instance of the daring and prowess of these hunters with the sword, of which he himself was a spectator, and which we had better give in his own words. A large elephant had been tracked to the water:—  
'It was a fine bull; the enormous ears were thrown forward, as the head was bowed in the act of drawing up the water through the trunk; these shaded the eyes, and, with the wind favourable, we advanced noiselessly upon the sand to within twenty yards before we were perceived. The elephant then threw up its head, and, with the ears flapping forward, it raised its trunk for an instant, and then slowly but easily ascended the

steep bank, and retreated. The aggageers (elephant-hunters) now halted for about a minute to confer together, and then followed in their original order up the crumbled bank. We were now on most unfavourable ground; the fire that had cleared the country we had hitherto traversed had been stopped by the bed of the torrent. We were thus plunged at once into the withered grass above our heads, unless we stood in the stirrups; the ground was strewn with fragments of rock, and altogether it was ill-adapted for riding. However, Taher Sherref broke into a trot, followed by the entire party, as the elephant was not in sight. We ascended a hill, and when near the summit we perceived the elephant about eighty yards ahead. It was looking behind during its retreat, by swinging its huge head from side to side, and upon seeing us approach, it turned suddenly round and halted. "Be ready, and take care of the rocks!" said Taher Sherref, as I rode forward by his side. Hardly had he uttered these words of caution, when the bull gave a vicious jerk with its head, and with a shrill scream it charged down upon us with the greatest fury. Away we all went, helter-skelter, through the dry grass, which whistled in my ears, over the hidden rocks at full gallop, with the elephant tearing after us for

about a hundred and eighty yards at a tremendous pace. Tétel was a sure-footed horse, and, being unshod, he never slipped upon the stones. Thus, as we all scattered in different directions, the elephant became confused, and relinquished the chase; it had been very near me at one time, and in such ground I was not sorry when it gave up the hunt. We now quickly united, and again followed the elephant, that had once more retreated. Advancing at a canter, we shortly came in view. Upon seeing the horses, the bull deliberately entered a stronghold composed of rocky and uneven ground, in the clefts of which grew thinly a few leafless trees, the thickness of a man's leg. It then turned boldly towards us, and stood determinedly at bay.

'Now came the tug of war! Taher Sherrif came close to me and said, "You had better shoot the elephant, as we shall have great difficulty in this rocky ground." This I declined, as I wished to end the fight with the sword, and I proposed that he should endeavour to drive the animal to more favourable ground. "Never mind," replied Taher, "Inshallah (please God), he shall not beat us." He now advised me to keep as close to him as possible, and to look sharp for a charge.

The elephant stood facing us like a statue; it did not move a muscle beyond a quick and restless action of the eyes, that were watching all sides. Taher Sherrif and his youngest brother Ibrahim now separated, and each took opposite sides of the elephant, and then joined each other about twenty yards behind it; I accompanied them, until Taher advised me to keep about the same distance upon the left flank. My Tokroois kept apart from the scene, as they were not required. In front of the elephant were two aggageers, one of whom was the renowned Rodur Sherrif, with the withered arm. All being ready for action, Rodur now rode slowly towards the head of the cunning old bull, who was quietly awaiting an opportunity to make certain of some one who might give him a good chance.

‘Rodur Sherrif rode a bay mare, that, having been thoroughly trained to these encounters, was perfect at her work. Slowly and coolly she advanced towards her wary antagonist, until within eight or nine yards of the elephant’s head; the creature never moved, and the *mise en scène* was beautiful; not a word was spoken, and we kept our places amidst utter silence, which was at length broken by a snort from the mare, who gazed intently

at the elephant, as though watching for the moment of attack.

‘One more pace forward, and Rodur sat coolly upon his mare, with his eyes fixed upon those of the elephant’s. For an instant I saw the white of the eye nearest to me: “Look out, Rodur; he’s coming!” I exclaimed. With a shrill scream, the elephant dashed upon him like an avalanche.

‘Round went the mare as though upon a pivot, and away over rocks and stones, flying like a gazelle, with the monkey-like form of little Rodur Sherref leaning forward, and looking over his left shoulder as the elephant rushed after him.

‘For a moment I thought he must be caught. Had the mare stumbled, all were lost; but she gained in the race after a few quick, bounding strides, and Rodur, still looking behind him, kept his distance so close to the elephant, that its outstretched trunk was within a few feet of the mare’s tail.

‘Taher Sherref and his brother Ibrahim swept down like falcons in the rear. In full speed they dexterously avoided the trees, until they arrived upon open ground, when they dashed up close to the hindquarters of the furious elephant,

who, maddened with the excitement, heeded nothing but Rodur and his mare, that were almost within its grasp. When close to the tail of the elephant, Taher Sherri's sword flashed from its sheath, as, grasping his trusty blade, he leapt nimbly to the ground, while Ibrahim caught the reins of his horse; two or three bounds on foot, with the sword clutched in both hands, and he was close behind the elephant; a bright glance shone like lightning, as the sun struck upon the descending steel; this was followed by a dull crack, as the sword cut through skin and sinews, and settled deep in the bone, about twelve inches above the foot. At the next stride, the elephant halted dead short in the midst of its tremendous charge. Taher had jumped quickly on one side, and had vaulted into the saddle with his naked sword in hand. At the same moment, Rodur, who had led the chase, turned sharply round, and again faced the elephant as before; stooping quickly from the saddle, he picked up from the ground a handful of dirt, which he threw into the face of the vicious-looking animal, that once more attempted to rush upon him. It was impossible; the foot was dislocated, and turned up in front like an old shoe! In an instant Taher was once more on foot, and again the sharp sword slashed the remaining leg. The great



bull elephant could not move!—the first cut with the sword had utterly disabled it; the second was its death-blow: the arteries of the leg were divided, and the blood spouted in jets from the wounds.'

This reads like romance, a real 'traveller's tale,' but the well-known veracity of Sir Samuel Baker leaves no room for doubt as to its truthfulness.

## CHAPTER X.

### BUFFALO AND RHINOCEROS.

IN that 'paradise of hunters,' South Africa, the hunting of the buffalo is not always unattended with danger, sometimes it has even proved fatal. The bull proves the most ferocious and formidable, and frequently places his assailant in an awkward position, and many are the stories extant illustrative of this. Selous on one occasion came upon an old bull buffalo lying beneath a tree, having been wounded by a lion, which rendered his irritable nature more irritable still. While gazing at him, one of his Kafirs threw an assegai from behind him; the weapon struck him slightly in the thigh, and in a moment he was on his feet, head up and nose extended, looking for the disturber of his peace. The Kafir, after throwing his spear, had darted behind the trunk of a large tree, so the infuriated animal made straight at the hunter, who, being at that moment unarmed, and knowing

it was useless to fly, swarmed up the trunk of a very small tree; the buffalo looked up at him, his nose within an inch or so of his feet, grunting with wrath, but finding his intended victim was out of his reach, he turned and lumbered off.

On another occasion Selous found himself far more hardly pressed by a bull buffalo. He had crossed the dry and sandy bed of the River Nata in search of game, and soon struck the spoor of two old bulls, and after a long chase sighted them. Making for a comparatively open piece of ground, he jumped off his horse about thirty yards behind the nearest, and taking a steady aim pulled the trigger; but there was no cap on the nipple, thus no report followed. Jumping on his horse again, he once more followed in the animals' track, and singling out the nearest confined himself to that, who, now being conscious of danger, after crossing a little dry gully, turned and eyed his enemy savagely from beneath his rugged horns. The temper of the brute was rising, so, expecting a charge, our hunter did not dismount, but, reining in his horse, took a quick aim and pulled the trigger, with the same result as before. The bull turned tail and resumed his flight. Putting on a third cap and pressing it down with his thumb, our hunter again gave chase; but the animal entering a short, thick bush suddenly

stopped, wheeled round, and, directly he saw the horse, went at it at once, with nose stretched out and horns laid back, uttering short grunts.

The hunter was not more than forty yards from his game, time was precious, so quickly reining in his horse, he raised his gun, intending to put in a ball between his neck and shoulder; but the horse, instead of standing steady, began walking forward, apparently taking no notice of the buffalo. In another moment the brute was close to him. Quickly lowering his gun, he fired straight in his face, at the same time digging his spurs into his horse's sides. The old bull was too nimble, he caught the horse fair in the flank, and pitched both him and the rider on his back up into the air. The recoil of the gun had twisted it out of Selous's hands, so that all three, man, horse, and gun, fell in different directions. The horse was up and off at once, but with a dreadful wound in his flank, from which his entrails were protruding. Falling in a sitting posture, Selous sat facing his enraged enemy, which stood within a few feet of him. Glaring at him for a few seconds with bloodshot eyes, he rushed full at him. Throwing himself to one side and flat along the ground, he just escaped the upward thrust of the horn, receiving instead a sharp blow on the left shoulder with the round part of it; the force of it nearly

dislocated the right arm by the force with which the elbow was driven against the ground; he also received a kick on the instep from one of his feet. Luckily for our hunter, the animal did not turn again, but galloped clean away. After regaining his feet, the first thing Selous did was to shoot his poor wounded horse; it was impossible for him to live, and it was the more merciful course to put him out of his misery. The Kafirs, coming up at the moment, started off in pursuit of the buffalo, but without success. They were unable to avenge the poor horse's death.

'Though the buffalo of Central South Africa,' says Selous, 'when wounded, will usually charge his pursuer if it sees him close at hand, yet, if he is at a distance of over fifty yards, he will only do so in exceptional cases. Although many accidents happen in the pursuit of these animals, yet, in my opinion, the danger incurred in hunting them is marvellously exaggerated. Having shot altogether nearly 200 buffaloes to my own rifle, and followed very many of them, when wounded, into very thick bush, I think I have had sufficient experience to express an opinion on the subject. I know of several instances where buffaloes have charged suddenly, and apparently in unprovoked ferocity, upon people who never even saw them until they were dashed,

in many cases mortally wounded, to the ground; but I believe that, in at any rate the majority of cases, if the whole truth could be made known, these buffaloes would be found to have been previously wounded by some other hunter, and finding themselves suddenly confronted by another sportsman in the thicket or patch of long grass to which they have retired to brood over their injuries, at once rushed upon the intruder, perhaps more from the instinct of self-defence than anything else.' A friend of our author's was, in the above way, attacked by a buffalo, which he never saw until it rushed upon him, and threw him into the air, inflicting a fearful wound.

On one occasion, when out in search of game, Gordon Cumming, and his man Ruyter, had an adventure with a buffalo bull, which nearly proved fatal to the latter. 'We started him,' says the writer, 'in a green hollow among the hills, along the base of which we followed him, sometimes in view, sometimes on the spoor, keeping the old fellow at a pace which made him pant. At length, finding himself much distressed, he had recourse to a singular stratagem. Doubling round some thick bushes which concealed him from our view, he found himself close to a small pool of rain-water, just deep enough to cover his body; into this he walked, and, facing

about, lay gently down and awaited our oncoming, with nothing but his old grey face and massive horns above the water, and these concealed from view by rank overhanging herbage. Our attention being entirely engrossed by the spoor, we rode boldly on until within a few feet of him, when, springing to his feet, he made a desperate charge at Ruyter, uttering a low stifled roar peculiar to buffaloes (somewhat similar to the growl of a lion), and hurled both steed and rider to the earth with fearful violence. His horn laid the poor horse's haunch open to the bone, making the most fearful rugged wound. In an instant Ruyter regained his feet, and ran for his life. This the buffalo observed, and gave chase, but most fortunately came down with a tremendous somersault in the mud, his feet slipping from under him; and thus the bushman escaped certain destruction. The buffalo arose much discomfited, and at this moment I managed to send one of my patent pacificating pills into his shoulder, when he instantly quitted the field of action, and sought shelter in the dense cover on the mountain's side, whither I deemed it imprudent to follow.'

One memorable hunting adventure of Speke and Grant was nearly proving fatal to the former, by his becoming entangled in the folds of an enormous boa constrictor. Both travellers had left their camp

to hunt game for the evening meal; a fine buffalo cow was the first victim to their skill, then a gigantic elephant with enormous tusks hove in sight. Speke quickly aimed and fired, when a loud cry from the attendant negroes made him look round. What was his horror to see a large boa constrictor in the very act of darting upon him! Before he could move, the creature flashed out from the foliage where he had been concealed, and a terrible strife ensued, at the end of which Speke saw his companion levelling his rifle in his direction.

‘In a moment,’ he says, ‘I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck a young buffalo cow, between which and him I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune attended me, however; for, instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my left fore-arm had only been caught in between the buffalo’s body and a single fold of the constrictor. The limb lay just in front of the shoulder at the root of the neck, and thus had a short bed of flesh, into which it was jammed, as it were, by the immense pressure of the serpent’s body, that was like iron in hardness.

‘As I saw Grant about to shoot, a terror took possession of me, for if he refrained I might possibly escape after the boa released its folds from the dead



cow; but should he fire and strike the reptile, it would, in its convulsions, crush or drag me to pieces. Even as the idea came to me, I beheld Grant pause. He appeared fully to comprehend all. He could see how I was situated, that I was still living, and that my delivery depended upon the will of the constrictor. We could see every line of each other's face, so close were we, and I would have shouted, or spoken, or even whispered to him, had I dared. But the boa's head was reared within a few feet of mine, and the wink of an eyelid would perhaps settle my doom; so I stared, stared, stared, like a dead man, at Grant and at the blacks.

‘Presently the serpent began very gradually to relax his folds, and after re-tightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered, he unwound one fold entirely. Then he paused. The next iron-like band was the one which held me a prisoner; and as I felt it, little by little, little by little, unclasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps upon being freed, the benumbed arm, uncontrolled by any will, might fall from the cushion-like bed in which it lay! And such a mishap might bring the spare fold around my neck or chest, and then farewell to the sources of the Nile. Oh, how hardly, how desperately I struggled to command myself! I glanced at Grant, and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced

at the negroes, and saw them still gazing, as though petrified with astonishment. I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head, and saw its bright deadly eyes watching for the least sign of life in its prey.

'Now, then, the reptile loosened its fold in my arm an hairbreadth, and now a little more, till half an inch of space separated my arm and its mottled skin. I could have whipped out my hand, but dared not take the risk. Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself! The second fold was removed entirely, and the next one was easing. Should I dash away now, or wait a more favourable movement? I decided upon the former; and with lightning speed I bounded away towards Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard at the next instant. For the first time in my life I was thoroughly overcome, and sinking down, I remained in a semi-unconscious state for several minutes. When I fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the boa, who was still writhing in its death agonies. I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of its tremendous dying strength. For yards around where it lay, grass and bushes and saplings, and, in fact, everything except the more fully grown trees were cut fully off, as though they had been trimmed by an immense scythe.

'This monster, when measured, was fifty-one feet

two-and-a-half inches in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of its body the girth was nearly three feet, thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of.'

The rhinoceros, too, is another of the large game of Africa which it is not always easy to kill, and when wounded very apt to become dangerous. One sportsman gives the following account of his first encounter with one of these formidable creatures:—'I had followed the two monsters for about an hour or more, with not a dry thread upon me; when, reaching a little knob, right in the midst of one of the most powerful thickets, I involuntarily grasped my gun,—not twelve yards' distance before, I heard a sharp and loud-sounding noise, resembling the sound a frightened stag gives in the woods, only far, far louder, more like the escape-pipe of a steamboat. While watching the track, I had not looked upon the bushes, and there, so close before me that I could have thrown my cap upon the huge mass of flesh, I recognised—only half-hidden in the thick and drooping foliage of the bushes—the immense dark body of one of the old fellows I had been after since yesterday. I could just distinguish the outlines of the huge bulk of this rhinoceros, when, seeing his head turned towards me, as if to make out what little creature had been daring enough to follow him to his mountain fastness, I

raised my gun and pulled the trigger. So much for percussion caps, in wet weather, which have not a little copper plate over the white substance inside. Snap, said the right—Snap, said the left barrel, as the cocks struck, without igniting the caps; and nearly at the same moment Peter's gun—a double-barrelled fowling-piece—at some distance behind me in the bushes, went off,—by itself, I expect, for I heard the ball strike a tree close by rather high.

‘The rhinoceros, hearing the strange clicking sounds, and the crack of the gun, blew as if with a trumpet, and commenced stamping the underwood down under his feet. I looked round quickly for a tree—for I did not expect anything else, after the dreadful tales they had told me about the animal, but to see it come rushing upon me to stamp me under foot; observing one about ten yards distant, I thought I would reach it and wait the result. But the monster came not; he seemed intent only on amusing himself with smashing the bushes, as if clearing out an improvement for himself. My first thought was to clear the tubes, and have another aim at the animal; but remembering that one barrel of Peter's gun was still loaded, I looked around to make him come up to me. But where was Peter or his companion? Taking the alarm, I think, as soon as the rhinoceros began to rear and tear, they had fled to some place of security. I

had no choice but to take out my turn-screw, in sight of the enemy, and use it,—always ready, though, at a second's warning, to fly to the nearest tree, should the animal make a motion to have a stamp of me. But the rhinoceros, apparently far too peaceable a customer to have any such ideas, gave me a last look, and, dashing again into the bushes, soon disappeared, leaving me pricking away at my tubes, raving mad, to get them open again, so as to be able to pour in some fresh dry powder. I did it as fast as I could, of course, but it took me at least five minutes, and now nothing was left to me but to push on after the flying game.

‘There were two of them, and they seemed to choose nearly impassable thickets, breaking down old logs and trunks like reeds. Away we went, through branches and sloughs,—I followed in a monstrous rage at not being able to come up with them, the giant beasts just rolling along, as it seemed, at their common pace, to get out of harm's way. Several times I was near enough to hear them blow, when they got the wind of me; but I never halted a minute to ascertain their exact direction, as I had only to keep the trail, rush down the slope, and storm them up. All my efforts were in vain, the ground was so rough I could not get nearer, at least not in sight of them: and only by following down hill, as it seemed,

upon reaching a little more open wood, I gained on them just enough to come in sight of the black hide of the hindermost.

‘I had heard that they rushed invariably upon the hunter if they were wounded; but not in a humour just then to consider what they might do after I had shot, I raised my gun at the first chance,—knowing that the next moment would bring them behind the thick curtain of the bushes,—and, pulling trigger, this time at least I could hear the ball strike the black hide, penetrating it, of course, as I used pointed slug balls, which go through nearly anything. There was a sudden pause in the monster’s flight; I darted behind a trunk, reloaded my gun, and then peeped out to ascertain the position of affairs. The rhinoceros seemed undetermined what to do, whether to rush forward again, or turn and revenge himself upon his foe. The position in which he stood was, however, so favourable for a good shot, that, raising my piece to my shoulder, I aimed just beneath the fore-leg. It turned directly, but in attempting a mad rush in my direction, plunged head first into a thicket. A convulsive struggle and all was over, much to my satisfaction; for after so long a chase to return empty-handed would have been galling in the extreme, especially as this was the first rhinoceros I had bagged, and I had no wish to be regarded as a novice.’

Mr. Anderson, a name well known in the African hunting world, had on one occasion a far more terrific encounter with a rhinoceros, which, at one critical moment, seemed likely to have a fatal termination. He had fired at and wounded a white rhinoceros, which had retreated into a thick wood, and when in the act of reloading with the intention of following, a black female rhinoceros suddenly made her appearance, evidently intending to have a drink from a pool close by. The hunter fired, but her position being bad, he merely succeeded in disabling her; but the wound served to infuriate, for she rushed wildly forward on three legs, when another shot startled her, and made her hesitate, but only for a moment; then resuming her mad pace, she disappeared in the thickest part of the bushes. Knowing how dangerous an animal would be in such a condition, Anderson refrained from taking up the chase, and resolved to wait till the next day, judging that she could not travel very far with one leg disabled. Unfortunately for himself, in taking a turn in the same direction, he once more encountered her, but again her position was unfavourable for a good shot, and thinking to make her shift her ground he took up a stone and threw it violently at her, when,—

‘Snorting horribly,’ says Anderson, ‘erecting her tail, keeping her head close to the ground, and raising

clouds of dust by her feet, she rushed at me with fearful fury. I had only just time to level my rifle and fire before she was upon me, and the next instant, whilst instinctively turning round for the purpose of retreating, she laid me prostrate. The shock was so violent as to send my rifle, powder flask, and ball pouch, as also my cap, spinning in the air, the gun, indeed, as afterwards ascertained, to a distance of fully ten feet. On the beast charging me, it crossed my mind that unless gored at once by her horns, her impetus would be such—after knocking me down, which I took for granted would be the case—as to carry her behind me, and I might thus be offered a chance of escape. So, indeed, it happened; for having tumbled me over—in doing which her head and the forepart of her body, owing to the violence of the charge, was half-buried in the sand—and trampled on me with great violence, her forequarter passed over my body. Struggling for life, I seized my opportunity, and, as she was recovering, I scrambled out from between her hind-legs.

But scarcely had Anderson regained his feet before, swiftly turning, she knocked him down a second time, and, with her sharp horn, ripped up his right thigh from the knee to the hip; and with her fore-feet struck him a terrific blow on the left shoulder, near the back of the neck. 'My neck,' he says, 'bent



under the enormous weight and pressure, and for a moment I must, I believe, have lost consciousness,—I have, at least, very indistinct notions of what afterwards took place. All I remember is, that when I raised my head I heard a furious snorting and plunging among the neighbouring bushes.’

The beast had evidently missed her prey, or, satisfied with what she had already done, was disinclined to renew the contest; so the unfortunate sportsman, with exceeding difficulty, contrived to raise himself to his feet, and hobble away to a large tree near at hand for shelter. There, binding up his wounds as best he could, he remained for the night.

Very early the next morning his half-caste boy came in search of him, for the purpose of carrying the guns and other things to the encampment. He was much surprised to find his master in such a sorry plight, and listened with open mouth to a recital of the adventure. Anderson told him to take one of the guns, and go in search of the wounded rhinoceros, which, he concluded, must be dead by this time. But the boy had not been gone long, when a cry of distress, shrill and loud, reached the hunter’s ear. Seizing his rifle, he scrambled to his feet, and made his way as fast as he could in the direction from whence the cry came. In a short time he came

upon a scene which remained present to his mind for many a long day after.

‘Amongst some bushes, and within a couple of yards of each other, stood the rhinoceros and the young savage; the former supporting herself on three legs, covered with blood and froth, and snorting in the most furious manner; the latter petrified with fear—spellbound as it were—and riveted to the spot. Creeping, therefore, to the side of the rhinoceros, opposite to that on which the boy was standing, so as to draw her attention from him, I levelled and fired, on which the beast charged wildly to and fro, without any distinct object. While she was thus occupied, I poured in shot after shot, but thought she would never fall. At length, however, she sank slowly to the ground, and imagining that she was in her death agonies, and that all danger was over, I walked unhesitatingly close up to her, and was on the point of placing the muzzle of my gun to her ear to give her the *coup de grace*, when, to my horror, she once more rose on her legs. Taking a hurried aim, I pulled the trigger, and instantly retreated, with the beast in full pursuit. The race, however, was a short one, for just as I threw myself in a bush for safety, she fell dead at my feet, so near me, indeed, that I could have touched her with the muzzle of my rifle. Another moment, and I should probably

have been impaled on her murderous horn, which, though short, was sharp as a razor.'

Truly, hunting large game is not always so productive of pleasure as very many suppose. Doubtless the excitement of the chase, and the exultation produced by a successful shot, thrills the heart, and makes the blood run like fire through the veins; but adventures such as the above lead to the conclusion, that at times the risk outweighs the pleasure and excitement,

## CHAPTER XL

### SHIPWRECK AND CAPTIVITY

THE captivity of sailors among the natives of Africa has been of frequent occurrence. Escaping, it may be, with bare life from the horrors of shipwreck, they have landed on its inhospitable shores, only to find themselves doomed to a life of degrading servitude. Others, again, have been taken prisoners in the many wars which have desolated the land. Missionaries, too, have had to suffer the indignities of an ignominious captivity. It was the forcible incarceration of missionaries by King Theodore that was the immediate cause of the Abyssinian war; and even now, while we are writing, a letter has been received from a captive in Abyssinia, a young Italian nobleman, taken prisoner during an engagement between Italian troops and Abyssinians. The letter is to his mother, and he thus writes:—

‘I don’t know the date,—cheer up, and I shall soon be set at liberty. You can have no idea how

pleased I am at having fulfilled my duty, and having liberated my dear friends in chains. Their health needed it, and I, knowing what a holy woman you are, have done so with the utmost pleasure, feeling sure that you would rather have me die an honest man, than live dishonoured. Besides, your prayers are fulfilled. Everybody is very fond of me, and I need nothing. Now I have changed my profession. I have become a tailor and a saddler, as I cannot move on account of the heavy chains at my feet. But do not think that I am in low spirits. I am jolly, and in good humour, and am glad to see that I do not lose my head, and can get out of these troubles without fear. My only regret is thinking that you are suffering, and I assure you that I think of it every night, and shudder at the idea. Now I realize the fact that true courage lies in suffering with resignation. Those amuse me who say that one needs courage to commit suicide. A knife in one's heart, and all is over. Real courage consists in defying misfortune with resignation and courage. I tell you this because you should not think, that in a moment of discouragement I have committed a folly. I think of you and God. Twenty-two days have now elapsed since my companions were set free; and although I may still have to remain here some time, I have never repented having sacrificed myself for my companions.

Who knows when I shall be able to send you this letter of mine? God will find the means for its reaching your hand. A kiss to all, brothers, uncles, and friends, and you believe me your all.' We can easily see through the assumption of courage, and feel the reason for which the brave young fellow used it as a cloak to hide his real feelings.

Even as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth we have the account of an English sailor's adventures during a long captivity among the Portuguese and natives of Africa,—by name, Andrew Batiel. He sailed from England in the year 1589; and, after a tedious voyage, made the African coast near to the Portuguese settlements, where were perpetrated several deeds which would now be punished as piracy. Andrew and four of his comrades were captured and sent as prisoners to Angola, to the town of St. Paul, from whence he was sent to a garrison town 120 miles up the River Conaza; here he was appointed pilot to the Governor. His first voyage was to Tarza, at the mouth of the Congo, and proved so successful—returning laden with elephants' teeth, wheat, and palm-oil—that he gained greatly in the good opinion of his master, who entrusted him with other expeditions. But captivity was not pleasant to him, however much freedom of action was allowed, and he looked out

for a chance of escape, and when one presented itself was eagerly seized. The captain of a Dutch ship which had entered the port offered to take him off. He was not long in secreting himself on board, where he lay anxiously awaiting the ship's sailing; but some Portuguese, hearing of his whereabouts, informed, and he was speedily hauled out of his place of concealment by the city sergeants and handed over to his old master, the Governor. Andrew fully expected to be put to death for his attempted escape, and was therefore surprised that his punishment was nothing worse than banishment to the Fort of Massagano to help in the conquest of those parts.

This Fort of Massagano stands on the River Conaza, which flows into the Atlantic at St. Paul. Here our hero remained for six years, when he made another attempt to escape. His plan was to seize a canoe, drop down the river to a certain spot, then, striking northward, enter the territory of Congo. This he could not do alone and unaided; he therefore imparted his scheme to four Egyptians and seven Portuguese, who agreed to join him. A canoe was secured, and taking with them twelve muskets and sufficient ammunition, the twelve adventurers started on their expedition. They paddled down the river as far as a place called Mani Cabech; here

they carefully sunk their canoe, and struck northward into the bush. Their sufferings in the bush were very great, the heat was so intense as to be almost overpowering, while the scarcity of water added to the toilsomeness of the march. But the desire for liberty gave them courage to persevere. One river crossed was so infested with crocodiles that several had narrow escapes from becoming victims to these ferocious monsters. Their way led them within twelve miles of St. Paul; the negroes they met evidently desired their capture, and refused them water until it was extorted by threats. At last they came into actual collision with them, the skirmish resulting in the death of five of their sable opponents.

By this time their escape had become known, and on the seventh day after setting out they found themselves pursued by the Captain of St. Paul and a whole host of negroes. The Portuguese hid themselves at once, but Andrew and the Egyptians kept together, making desperate efforts to outstrip the enemy, yet all to no purpose; they were brought to bay in a little wood and dispersed by a volley of musketry. Finding himself alone, with no chance of escape, Andrew stepped boldly out, loaded musket in hand, vowing he would shoot himself unless his life was promised, which being done, he found himself once more a captive.



This time the Governor did not treat him so mercifully as before; he was now thrown into prison, an iron collar put round his neck, and heavy chains fastened to his legs. His fortunes seemed at a very low ebb, he could cherish no hope of freedom, or see any prospect of ever visiting his native land. However, he was again spared the extreme penalty of death, and received the sentence of banishment for life, and forced to join an expedition, half war and half slave hunt, which the Portuguese were carrying on in the South. For years Andrew was associated in this discreditable work, taking an active share in the plundering, burning, and carrying away captive; then commenced a new series of adventures with a most remarkable tribe of natives, the Gagas. They were a nomadic cannibal tribe, which, some fifty years before, had begun fighting their way from Sierra Leone, and had now reached Benguela; they traded very freely with the Portuguese, to whom they sold slaves for a very trifling sum. The chief of the Gagas wanted to cross the River Corea for the purpose of making war on a perfectly inoffensive tribe, but had no means of transit, and petitioned the Portuguese to help him. They willingly consented, putting them over in their boats eighty at a time, and with their muskets driving off those opposing the landing. All landed, a line of battle was

formed, and the cannibal host rushed howling on the unfortunate Benguelans, who were speedily overcome. Then commenced a horrible slaughter, neither age nor sex being spared. One hundred chiefs fell in the conflict, whose bodies served as food for the conquerors; the rest of the nation were either sold to the Portuguese or reserved for future banquets.

For more than two years Andrew lived with this terrible tribe, whose cruelty was so great that it was the custom to bury all their children alive as soon as born, and in their place adopt those of tribes taken in battle. Getting tired of this life, he rejoined the Portuguese at Massagano, and was sent with a strong force to secure more slaves for the Governor. On the news of the death of Queen Elizabeth, and of James having made peace with Spain, he petitioned for his release, having been a captive for fourteen years. This was granted, but immediately recalled by a cruel Governor who had recently been appointed. Smarting from a sense of being unjustly treated, he determined to again desert. At night, with two negroes, he secretly left the city, and took to the woods. He moved up to Lake Cangaza, some six-and-thirty miles up the River Bengo from the mouth. Here he found himself in snug and secure quarters, his food was venison of different kinds, fish out of the lake, and Guinea corn procured for him in exchange

for dried fish. Even of these good quarters, after six months, he grew tired, and determined to try and escape by sea.

‘There grew on the lake,’ he says, ‘trees (*membre*) as light and as soft as cork; with these he fashioned a half raft, half boat, formed a sail from a blanket, and made three oars. He railed his boat round, to prevent the sea washing him out; and, with his two negroes, ventured boldly across the lake and into the River Bengo. In six-and-thirty miles they were in the dangerous bar at the mouth, which they managed to get over in safety, finding themselves now in the open ocean. They hoisted their sail before a fair wind, and pointed their boat’s head northward for Loango. That night he passed at sea in his curious craft, and the next day he saw a pinnace coming after them, full sail, over those pleasant seas. He does not say what his thoughts were when he saw her, but he must have been rather anxious, for the rope was, so to speak, round his neck, and to avoid her was of course impossible. His joy, however, must have been very great when he found that she was commanded by an old friend and mess-mate of his, who was bound for St. Thomas, and that he gladly gave him a passage to Loango.’

Andrew now spent three years with the King of Loango, during which he wandered far and near,

penetrating even close to the Gaboon, where he came in contact with du Chaillu's gorillas,—which he calls *pongos*, and informs us are very dangerous: that they walk upright, and are so strong that they beat away the elephants. He also saw the dwarf gipsies of du Chaillu, whom he calls Matambas; who, he says, are no bigger than boys twelve years old, but very thick; they live only upon flesh, which they kill in the woods with their bows and darts. But here we must bid farewell to Andrew; how he escaped we have no record, but he did so, eventually finding his way back to England,—we can imagine with what joy.

More than one hundred years later, an adventurer, Captain Montauban, a Frenchman, cruising for plunder off the African coast, fell in with an English man-of-war; without any parleying they set to work at once, firing broadsides into each other. Each was in hopes that he should be victor, and win a rich prize. But just at the moment when fortune seemed favouring the Frenchman, and his crew were working with a will, and already anticipating a triumph, the English vessel caught fire, and the fire speedily reaching the magazine, both ships blew up with a tremendous explosion. Montauban was blown up into the air then, falling into the sea, sunk so far beneath the surface that he was in danger of drowning. At

length, after considerable struggling, he contrived to get his head above water, and, catching hold of a broken mast, floated about until he neared some of his men who had been fortunate enough to find the yawl uninjured. Into this he was hauled, and several others in a like situation to himself,—in all, twenty.

The Frenchman had not only been wounded in the action, but the explosion had burnt his face, and scorched all the hair off one side of his head, so that he presented a somewhat pitiful appearance. As well as possible all wounds were dressed and bound up, and the boat's head pointed towards land, which when they gained they ran on shore, hoping to find something to appease their ravenous hunger. Oysters were found hanging from the branches of trees in a lagoon, which they ate with a relish. Here two days were spent, parties going inland in search of inhabitants. Finding none, they re-embarked in their boat, and rowed along the coast resolving, if possible, to reach Cape Corso. This was successfully accomplished.

Although Montauban knew many of the negroes who came down to the shore to sell wood to the ships at anchor there, his appearance was so much changed from the effects of the explosion, that they failed to recognise him; and nothing that he could say would induce them to give him and his men

anything to eat. They conducted him to the son of their king, with whom he was well acquainted; but here the same difficulty arose, the prince did not recognise him, until Montauban showed him a scar he had on his thigh, the result of a wound received in battle while fighting by the prince's side. This was sufficient; the dusky prince expressed his pleasure at seeing him, at the same time adding, that if he had not felt certain it was him, he would soon have ordered his head to be cut off; instead of which pleasant operation, an abundance of food was placed before him and his men.

Three days after, all of the shipwrecked crew were taken in canoes up a river inland to be presented to the king. 'The king lived in a village consisting of three hundred huts, covered with palm leaves, where he kept his wives and kindred, and also some other negro families whom he favoured.' But at the time of their arrival all the inhabitants were in deep mourning for the loss of their chief priest, and as the funeral solemnities lasted seven days, Montauban was unable to see the king until the expiration of that time.

At length he was duly presented to his sable majesty, and found him to be a 'well-made negro, of large stature, and about fifty years old. To do me the greater honour, he advanced some steps out of

his house to meet me, supported by four or five women, and guarded by several negroes, armed with lances and muskets, which they discharged from time to time. Several drums and trumpets preceded him, and also several standards. His only covering was a piece of white and blue striped cotton stuff, wrapped about part of his body.' This potentate seemed inclined to act in a very friendly manner, and professed himself to be very desirous of cultivating friendly relations with the captain's king, and even went so far as to get him to baptize one of his children, giving him the same name as that of the French monarch. And it conveys a tolerable idea of how powerful these barbarians thought themselves, when the prince said, 'And assure him (Louis) that I am his friend, and that, if he has occasion for my services, I shall myself repair to France, with all the lances and musketry belonging to the king my father.'

The captain and his men visited several villages in the neighbourhood, the inhabitants of which crowded round them, filled with amazement and curiosity. They had never seen a white man before, and could not understand what made the difference of colour between them and the visitors, giving considerable annoyance by rubbing and scratching their faces, to see if the white would come off.

Otherwise they proved very friendly, supplying them with plenty of buffalo and elephant meat, more even than they could eat.

When the captain bade farewell to the king on his return to the prince's village, he was strongly pressed to pay him another visit when he was again in Guinea,—indeed, Montauban had little of which to complain in the treatment he received during his detention. It is true that the prince would not let him depart when a good opportunity presented itself, wishing to keep him for his own profit. But after a time he was persuaded even to do this, and the captain with all his men, except two who had wandered up the country, embarked on board a Portuguese vessel, and bade farewell to Africa for ever.

Again, another hundred after, the ship *Deux Amis*, through the incompetency of her officers, was wrecked off the western coast of Africa, near Cape Mogadore. She ran upon a bank of sand, and the shock seemed to have the effect of driving all sense out of the crew, so that they uttered dreadful cries, and ran hither and thither about the deck distracted. One man attempted to swim to shore with a line round his waist, with the purpose of establishing a communication between the ship and the land; but he was so cruelly buffeted by the waves, that



he crawled into an empty cask which had been thrown overboard; but just then a number of Moors made their appearance, gesticulating and shouting so loudly, that the frightened man attempted to make his way back to the ship. The Moors, however, rushing into the water, seized hold of him, and hauled him to land.

‘They dragged him to the beach,’ says M. Sangnier, ‘stripped him of his shirt, and led him to the top of the hill. We stretched our arms towards them, standing all of us on the forepart of the ship, and implored their mercy, as if they could hear us! Our weak voices did not reach them, nor did they even seem to pay attention to our gestures. By the help of our glasses, we saw them make a hole in the sand, put the wretched man in it, and cover him entirely. Two men guarded him, and the others returned to the beach, part of whom leaped into the sea, and swam towards the vessel, while the rest were employed in picking up the fragments of the casks we had thrown overboard. They then kindled them, ran to fetch our comrade, carried him between four, and exposed him to the fire. Sometimes they suspended him by the feet, sometimes they held him transversely, and handed him from one to another.’

These strange actions on the part of the Moors,

had the effect of frightening the sailors still more. Some declared the poor fellow was eaten, others that they had seen him torn limb from limb. They now armed themselves, determined to fight for their lives, and attempted to launch the boats; both, however, were upset, and drifted to shore, where they were soon seized and broken up. Now all was despair. At last one, plucking up some courage, exclaimed, 'Shipmates, we must perish here, or fall into the hands of those people,—there is no other alternative,—and my incertitude as to the fate that awaits me is more dreadful than death itself. I am going to swim on shore. Observe them well: if they do not kill me, I will make you a signal; but at all events I shall have the consolation of dying before you.' He was seized like the first, and hurried away too fast to make the promised signal.

The confusion grew worse and worse; propositions were made to blow up the vessel; this not being agreed to, the captain attempted to put an end to his existence by firing a pistol into his mouth, but not touching a vital part, his wound was bound up to stop the bleeding. Rafts were then made, but the sea was so rough that several who had embarked on them were washed off and drowned. At last all the survivors reached land, some on rafts,

others by swimming and holding to broken spars. The Moors were so busy plundering the wreck, that the unfortunate men were unmolested for a short time. Presently, however, they were surrounded and examined, and fierce disputes arose as to the division that was made of them. So high did the disputes rise, that swords were drawn and a general fight took place, in which many of the unarmed captives fared badly; for when a Moor could not obtain the man he wanted, he attempted to kill him, and so end the affair.

Sangnier fell to the lot of a Moor who had won him by killing his adversary, and expected nothing but a cruel death, especially as the women expressed their joy at his capture by dancing around him and plucking out handfuls of his hair; but finding they gave him plenty of food and milk to drink, hope revived within him, and seizing a favourable moment he attempted to escape by running inland; but he had not proceeded far before he fell in with another party of Moors, and he was again made prisoner. These new masters were on the move inland, and they took their captive with them, compelling him to walk, keeping pace with their camels, occasionally giving him a lift when almost overcome with fatigue.

For thirty days he was marched backwards and forwards in the desert, his masters apparently un-

certain where to take him, or to whom to offer him for sale. His feet blistered, and were wounded by cruel thorns, so that his footsteps were marked by blood; but his captors scraping the soles with their daggers, plastered them with tar and sand, which made walking less painful. Whenever the tents were pitched, the prisoner, naked as he was, was made to cut the wood to supply the fires for the night; a little barley meal, mixed with brackish water, was his only food.

His condition grew worse and worse, for now he changed masters repeatedly, and, on each change, found himself worse off than before. At length he fell to the lot of a Moor, who presented him as a gift to his brother, one of the wealthiest men in the country. Now by a single bound he found himself in comparative ease and freedom. 'I was obeyed,' he says, 'by the negro slaves; I had no longer any work to do; and if I went out with the cattle, it was for my own amusement. The Arabs of this horde looked upon me rather as their countryman than as a slave, often entertained me with sham fights, and let me join in their nocturnal dances.'

At a place called Glini, the chief city of Cape Non, to which he was conveyed on his way to Morocco, he met with some of the survivors from the wreck, and found that, compared with their

experience, his own had been one of comparative comfort. One especially, who had fallen to the share of a cruel Moor, 'who treated him with the greatest barbarity; he slept upon the hard ground, and was denied the smallest liberty. Little accustomed to fatigue, he was covered with sores, the consequence of the blows given him by the Moors to force him to walk beyond his strength.'

But the news of the wreck had reached the French and English merchants settled at Mogadore, and they set to work to purchase their liberty; and one day Sangnier, with five others, found himself a free man. He set off with his companions and a guide to make his way to Mogadore. The journey was toilsome, leading through the Atlas Mountains, while they were in constant fear of being recaptured by wandering Arabs. Mogadore reached, the Governor sent word of the fact to the Emperor of Morocco, who fell into a dreadful rage on hearing the news, and 'wrote to the merchants in the severest terms; threatening to burn alive the first person who, from that time, should dare to interfere in the redemption of a captive.' But a few presents being made to the favourite Sultanas, they so worked upon the Prince, that he moderated his wrath; and when, according to his command, the prisoners appeared in his presence, he addressed them very kindly, inquired

about their wanderings, and the treatment they had received at the hands of their various masters, finally ending by promising to send them to France. This promise he shortly after fulfilled, much to the joy of the poor captives, whom he sent with a large escort to Tangiers, where they embarked on board a Spanish vessel bound to Cadiz, glad, no doubt, that their weary captivity was at an end, and their native land near at hand.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CAPTIVITY—BOMBARDMENT.

FOR many generations there sailed from the Port of Algiers vessels manned by Turks and Moors whose object was to prey upon the commerce of more civilized nations. They had the credit, and justly too, of being the perpetrators of many a cruel deed. So bold did they become, that they would even descend upon our English coast, plunder villages, and carry their inhabitants away to slavery. Their name became the terror of Europe, and whenever their flag was seen, the hardy sailor gave himself up for lost. They showed no mercy; the ships they captured were either burnt, or carried into port and condemned, while the helpless crews were sold into slavery; a bondage sometimes even more intolerable than death itself. No vessels were safe except those whose Governments paid black-mail to the Dey. European nations were too much occupied with their own internal affairs, or engaged in long and disastrous wars, to try and

right this foul wrong. Now and again the cry of some unhappy Christian slave would be heard, and indignation aroused, but only again to subside. Societies were formed for the purpose of releasing slaves from captivity, by purchasing their ransom; but few were released, compared to the many doomed to remain in slavery. Many attempted, but few succeeded in escaping.

Let us tell the story of some poor captives who successfully broke away from their cruel bondage. The ship *Mary*, of six guns, had a complement of sixty men, including passengers. She was bound for the West Indies with a cargo of linen and woollen cloth. Three other vessels sailed with her. From the very first misfortune seemed to attend her, for she had to lie five weeks in the Downs, waiting for a fair wind; then she ran on shore off the Isle of Wight, and had to wait for the tide to float her off. Six days after leaving the Isle of Wight, three vessels were discovered to the leeward, some three or four leagues off; and as their appearance looked suspicious, a consultation was held as to whether it was more advisable to stay and speak with them, or make all sail and escape. It was decided to remain; and when it was found they were the feared and dreaded Algerine rovers, it was too late to escape by flight, and nothing remained but to fight. The engagement



was of short duration, for, after pounding away at each other for a little while, the pirates ran their vessel alongside the *Mary*, and boarded her in such overwhelming numbers that further resistance was useless. Such of the crew and passengers as were not killed were confined below, where they found many more Englishmen, captives like themselves. Their only comfort was that of condoling with each other, deploring their capture, and speculating as to the future.

After suffering five weeks' confinement the pirates returned to Algiers. 'Algiers,' says the writer of the narrative, 'is a city pleasantly situated on the side of the hills overlooking the Mediterranean, and lies to the north, rising imperiously, as if it challenged the sovereignty of the seas, and claimed a tribute of all who ventured to penetrate within the Straits. It is of considerable size, being above three miles in circuit, ornamented and fortified with five gates. There are several strong castles, besides one on the extremity of the Mole; and it is altogether a strong place. It is supposed to contain 80,000 inhabitants, of which there cannot be less than 25,000 slaves of all nations.'

To this stronghold the unfortunate men of the *Mary* were taken; and after landing, were locked up for the night in a deep, nasty cellar; and the following morning paraded before the Viceroy, who claimed as his right

a tenth of all slaves caught. On the next market-day the unfortunate captives were publicly exhibited, like so many beasts, for sale. 'The mode of selling slaves is, leading them up and down, and crying aloud when an offer is made for one to bid more. The purchasers of those exposed are extremely circumspect. They first examine their mouths, and a good strong active set of teeth will advance the price considerably; for they rationally consider, that those who have not teeth cannot eat, and those that cannot eat are unable to work. Next, the limbs are closely examined, to discover whether there has been any fracture or dislocation of the bones; and if a man is strong and clean made, that also will advance his price very much. The age of the slave is material. But in nothing is their inspection more minute than of the hands. Should these be callous and large, they judge that the slave has been inured to labour; if delicate and tender, they suppose him a gentleman or a merchant, whence the hope of a large ransom makes him valuable.'

Our hero was purchased by a Moor, a descendant of one originally driven from Spain. His first experience in his master's house was nearly proving fatal; for, having been ordered up to the gallery overlooking the court to be inspected by his master's father, the old gentleman began reviling him for

being a Christian dog; to which insult he retorted, as well as he was able by signs, that Mahomet was nothing better than a cobbler. This so incensed the old Moor that he rose up and fell upon the poor slave, cuffing and kicking him with a fury hard to describe; the victim's cries only inflaming his adversary the more, who redoubled his blows; he was fain to lay his hands on the railing of the verandah, and threaten to throw himself over into the court below. When the affair was reported to the son, his wrath was as great as his father's had been; and, drawing his long knife, would have plunged it into his slave, had not his wife thrown her arms around him, and begged him to be merciful. This incident taught our hero to be more circumspect for the future.

The first occupation to which Oakley—for such was our hero's name—was put was that of performing household duties and running of errands, and bearing burdens; then he was employed on board a ship, which his master was fitting out, in which he went to sea on a cruise; but the results of the cruise proving very much below the expenses incurred, he was informed that henceforth he must pay his owner two dollars a month, and live where he liked on shore to earn it. Unused to manual labour, poor Oakley went for advice to a fellow-countryman, also a slave, who was a tailor, and was told he could not do better

than learn his trade, which he offered to teach him. So far good : our hero joyfully accepted this generous offer, but, on putting in an appearance the next morning, he found the tailor had altered his mind. He therefore went to another countryman ; this one invited him to become his partner in the business he carried on, which consisted in selling lead, iron, shot, tobacco, and strong waters. This proposal was readily embraced, and for a time all went well, and the business extended, when the senior partner took to drinking, and all the responsibilities fell upon poor Oakley's shoulders.

Several tedious years were thus spent, during which our hero was no nearer the end of his captivity than when he commenced business ; but he had, during that time, been able to extend a helping hand to some of his less fortunate brother slaves, one of whom he made room for in his shop. At the best his position was bad, he was in constant danger of being taken back again into his master's house ; added to which, he says,—‘ We were under perpetual temptation to deny Christ, and in making our souls slaves to recover the liberty of our bodies. How many have made a shipwreck of their faith to escape being chained to the galleys ! ’

About this time these poor slaves were able to command a little spiritual instruction, for a clergy-

man of the Church of England having been taken prisoner on board a British vessel, they clubbed among themselves to provide for his maintenance, and to give him a sufficient sum of money monthly to pay his master, if he would minister to them three times a week. This he gladly promised to do, and a cellar was hired, where English slaves, sometimes to the number of fourscore, assembled to hear the good man preach; and, while he continued with them, their meetings were never once disturbed. This privilege did not last long, for the clergyman was very soon ransomed, and his little flock were left without a pastor.

On one occasion Oakley was very nearly getting himself into trouble. His fellow-sufferer, Randall, whom he had received into his shop, being unwell, they went for a walk outside the city. The utmost extent they were allowed was a mile from the city gate; but, wishing to have a good view of the coast, in case a chance of escape might arise, our hero and his friend rambled much farther. They were immediately seized by officers appointed to watch that slaves should not escape, and at once hurried before the Viceroy's Council to be examined, and it was only their vehement denial of any intention of escaping that saved them from immediate punishment; but all that night they were kept in prison heavily

laden with chains. The next morning they were released. Poor Randall's master ordered him to receive three hundred bastinadoes on the soles of his feet; while Oakley's took him from his shop and sent him to work among the cloth-weavers. A month after he was told to return to his business, but during his enforced absence the shop had been broken into, and all the goods stolen.

Oakley's master having fallen into distressed circumstances, he and the other slaves were sold to satisfy his creditors. It was our hero's good fortune to fall to the lot of a very grave and kind old gentleman, who treated him with the greatest consideration, so that his lot was materially changed for the better, and he began to feel almost happy and contented with his condition; and were it not that the thought of being a slave would continually intrude at his happiest moments, he would have made no effort to escape. And even when the opportunity presented itself he was troubled with doubts, as to whether it was right on his part to clandestinely leave so good a master. But reasoning these scruples down, he mentioned his project to six other persons, two of whom were carpenters; these agreeing to his plan, proceeded to put it into execution.

And this is how these poor captives set to work to win their freedom. 'We began our work,' says Oakley,

‘in the cellar which had served for our devotions. We first provided a piece of wood twelve feet long, and that it might escape observation, it was cut in two, being joined in the middle. Next we procured the timber or ribs, which were in three pieces each, and jointed in two places. The flat side of one of the two pieces was laid over the other, and two holes bored in every joint to receive nails, so that when united, each joint would make an obtuse angle, and approach towards a semicircular figure, as we required. In the formation of an external covering we had to avoid hammering and nailing, which would have made such a noise in the cellar as to attract the notice of the Algerines. We therefore provided as much canvas as would cover the boat twice over, and as much pitch, tar, and tallow as would make it a kind of tarpaulin; also, earthen pots in which to melt our materials.’ But, working with these last-mentioned materials in a close and confined cellar, the poor fellows were overcome with the stifling fumes, and were obliged to stagger out into the open air to recover themselves, where Oakley fainted away, and his companions were obliged to carry him in a state ‘extremely sick and unserviceable.’

At length the boat was completed, and, without detection, piece by piece carried to the sea-shore; but as Oakley was conveying the canvas he observed a

spy following him and watching every motion. To put him off the scent, he made his way to a man whom he saw washing clothes, and requested his assistance in washing the canvas, which he gave; and when it was finished they spread it on the top of the rock to dry: all the time the spy stood looking on, until, getting tired, he walked off. The boat was put together about half a mile from the city, and when it was all finished four of their number carried it down to the sea, and, lest it might be injured by the stones on the shore, waded out with it into deep water. They all got into it, when, to their consternation, it sunk so low that the water poured in over the sides. Then one of them, whose heart failed him at the critical moment, returned to the shore; still the boat was too heavily laden, and it was necessary for another to land.

Taking a solemn farewell of the two they were leaving behind, our five adventurers launched out, hoping that Providence would guide them to some safe haven. The boat was found to be very leaky, which was not surprising, considering how frail it was,—and one of them was constantly employed in baling out the water, while the other four tugged at the oars. The first night they laboured hard to clear the harbour, yet when morning dawned the ships were still in sight, but their boat being



small it was not discovered. The small quantity of food they had taken with them was soon spoiled by the salt water, and their two goat-skins of fresh water speedily consumed. On the fourth day all their food and water was finished, and famine stared them in the face; added to which their incessant labour fatigued them greatly, especially during the day when, stripped quite naked, they were exposed to the burning rays of the sun. A little relief was obtained by the man baling, who threw the water over them, but this soon blistered their skins. For some time the wind was dead against them, making it necessary to keep constantly at the oars; for, although they made but little progress, the moment they ceased rowing they were driven back upon their course.

‘On the fifth day,’ says Oakley, ‘we were at the brink of despair, and abandoned all hope of safety. Thence we ceased our labour, and laid aside our oars; for either we had no strength left to use them, or were reluctant to waste the little we had to no purpose. Still we kept emptying the boat: loth to drown, loth to die, yet knowing no means to avoid death.’ While in this pitiful state they spied a tortoise asleep on the water. Rowing softly alongside, they lugged it into the boat with every manifestation of joy;—the head was soon cut off, and the blood allowed to run into a vessel, the liver

eaten, and the flesh sucked. It imparted new life to the poor fellows, vigour and hope alike seemed to return, and the rowing was resumed with heartiness.

A little more labour, and land was discovered, which they concluded to be Majorca, and by night of the same day were close to the shore, which, however, proved very steep and rocky. While coasting along to find a suitable landing-place, they saw a vessel close in shore. Fearful of being recaptured, they lay close till she had passed out of sight; then they resumed their toil, and, finding a suitable spot, crawled on shore. Oakley and a comrade walked inland if haply they might find water, but disagreeing as to which way they should go, they nearly came to blows. However, in due time they came to a kind of watch-tower, used as a signal station by the Spaniards, the sentinel of which threw them down some bread, and pointed to a well where water could be obtained. The next day they all five contrived to reach the town of Majorca, where they were hospitably received, fed, and clothed; and soon after an English vessel, homeward bound, putting into the roads, the poor fellows gladly embarked, and in due time reached Old England. Oakley had been a captive nearly five years.

At length Europe had rest from her long warfare;

the ambitious despot who had kindled its lurid torch was safely exiled to St. Helena. Then England turned her attention to Algiers. A number of natives of the Ionian Islands, then considered as British subjects, had been carried away into captivity. Lord Exmouth was sent to obtain the release of these people. This he successfully accomplished, but at some personal risk, for himself and the British Consul came being nearly assailed by an angry mob in the streets of Algiers. Soon after news was received of the massacre of a number of Neapolitan coral fishers, who had landed at Bona to hear mass. This gave the last strain to the impatience of England, and Lord Exmouth was again despatched, this time with a well-equipped fleet, to demand reparation and redress. The *Prometheus* corvette was sent on ahead to bring off the English Consul and his family; in this she did not succeed, for—

‘The Consul, Mr. M'Donnell, was thrown into a dungeon, and two boats' crews from the *Prometheus*, sent on shore to bring him off, were also seized and put in chains among the other slaves. Mr. M'Donnell's young wife and his daughter by a former marriage made a romantic escape, dressed in midshipmen's clothes. The lady's infant child was carried down in a basket, having first been

given a composing draught to set it to sleep; but it unfortunately woke up and cried at the wrong moment, and fell into the hands of the Turks. The Dey, however, proved so far sensible to the claims of humanity or policy, that of his own accord he sent the child off to its afflicted mother.\* Lord Exmouth's ultimatum being also disregarded, he at once proceeded to work.

'About half-past two, the *Queen Charlotte* anchored some fifty yards from the Mole Head. The first gun was fired from the shore, but at once its echo was drowned in the thundering broadside of the line-of-battle ship, poured in with a hearty cheer almost before the word was out of the admiral's mouth. It is said that hundreds of people were killed by this first discharge, though Lord Exmouth had waved his hat from the poop, making signs to the gazing crowd to get out of the way. In a few minutes the Mole Head was battered down by the flagship's guns pouring point-blank into it almost before the others had fired a shot. As soon as it can anchor under fire, and bring its guns to bear, each vessel takes up the deadly chorus; and, till all is hidden in smoke, terrified multitudes can

\* This account of the bombardment of Algiers is taken, with the author's kind permission, from a work entitled *Boys' Own Stories*, by Ascot R. Hope.

be seen flying wildly, running with small show of Eastern dignity, or crawling under the walls on their hands and feet. But the artillerymen stand fast, five hundred guns answer back along the whole line of the defences; the storm of shot and shell has burst in its full fury, to rage for hours without intermission.

‘The Algerines are said to have fired various kinds of strange missiles, such as crowbars, iron bolts, hand-spikes, glass bottles, and bags of nails. A great number of red-hot shot were used in the early part of the action, obliging our men to be on the alert against fire; the *Queen Charlotte* was burning more than once. One of these visitors passed through two officers’ cabins on board the *Infernal*, upsetting a shelf of books over the poor assistant-surgeon, who was lying in bed helpless from fever, but the gunner got it into a bucket of water in time to prevent further mischief. Immediately afterwards, there was a great smash in the powder magazine; and the men there were covered with a cloud of loose dust and powder. They at once raised the cry of “a red-hot shot in the powder magazine!” and were rushing off to spread the alarm. Luckily, the gunner had presence of mind to see the folly of raising a panic to no purpose, for, if the story was true, it must be all up with

the ship, whatever were said or done. He flew to the magazine, shoved the fellows back into it, locked the door on them, and stood there with his hand on the lock, till the danger might be reckoned as past,—a trying situation! Later on it was found that the shot, a cold one this time, had passed through four barrels of powder and lodged itself in the fifth.

“About twenty minutes past three,” writes a midshipman who was present, “our rocket flat-boat was ordered away under the command of two gallant midshipmen,—Symes and Peacock. As the latter went down the side, I shook hands with him, and he exultingly exclaimed, ‘To-day, my dear fellow, mind, I will have death or promotion;’ as you will learn hereafter, his anticipation was too fatally verified. At this period the admiral made the general signal ‘Infallible,’ which was received with hearty cheers, as we observed the town and various storehouses blaze up in several places, and likewise saw a frigate in flames within the Mole. Do you know, this daring feat was partly performed by our two mids in the flat, who without orders had pulled inside the Mole, exposed to a tremendous fire of musketry, notwithstanding which they succeeded in following Major Gossett, of the Marine Artillery, in the *Queen Charlotte’s* boat, and getting

alongside one of the frigates and firing several rockets; but nearly the whole crew fell victims to their temerity,—only three escaped being either killed or wounded. Perceiving the frigate in a blaze, our flat cast off, and was drifting fast on shore in the face of a thousand muskets. A few moments, and their fate would have been irrevocably sealed. Poor Pocock had received a shot through the head, which instantly terminated his earthly career, and Symes was lying in the bottom of the boat nearly senseless, having the tip of his tongue shot off, great part of his lower jaw carried away, with several of his teeth, and the knuckles of one hand severely wounded. One of the men exclaimed, ‘For God’s sake, Mr. Symes, what’s to be done?—we shall all be murdered!’ At this critical moment he rose up, stuffed a handkerchief in his mouth to stanch the blood, wrapped another round his hand, and in this miserable condition the gallant fellow pulled the stroke oar until the flat reached the *Queen Charlotte*, when he fainted from loss of blood, and with the rest of the wounded crew was taken on board.”

‘A flotilla of the ship’s launches, and other small craft, armed with rockets and mortars, hovered about the skirts of the fight, dashing in wherever they could be of use. The Algerines had also

gunboats filled with men, in which they might have boarded our ships and done no little mischief. A number of them did advance to the attack, to be nearly all sunk by the fire of one frigate. The rest were so crippled by the hail-shower poured among them at the outset, and thrown into such confusion by the conflagration which soon broke out in the harbour, that they were turned to no account, though some of them, getting loose and drifting out on fire, threatened the three-deckers with far greater danger than if they had been manned by a desperate crew. "I never saw anything so grand," wrote Lord Exmouth, "and so terrific, for I was not on velvet for fear they would drive on board us. The copper-bottoms floated full of fiery hot charcoal, and were red-hot above the surface, so that we could not hook on our fire grapnels to put the boats on, and could do nothing but push fire-booms, and spring the ship off by our warps as occasion required." The brave old admiral might well feel uneasy at more than one point of the battle. The *Queen Charlotte* lay so near the burning Mole, that he could hardly keep his stand on the poop for scorching heat; her ensign had to be hauled in to prevent it being shrivelled by the flames.

‘For five hours the havoc went on. The *Queen Charlotte’s* men had not readily been brought to



cease firing for a few minutes to let the smoke clear away, while the admiral made his observations; and if other wadding failed him for the moment, an eager tar did not hesitate to ram down his jacket rather than not keep up the fire. Even the sailors' wives were seen eagerly working at the guns. When the sun set, they had battered the walls into ruins; all along the line of the fortifications were shapeless heaps of rubbish. Within the harbour one ship after another caught the flames, which, spreading through the forest of masts and yards, turned darkness into a horrible day. The fire of the batteries were now almost silenced. That of the ships, too, began to slacken. Ammunition was running short; many guns were dismounted, or rendered useless by heat. The chastisement already inflicted seemed sufficient. About ten o'clock the order was given to get the ships out of gunshot. This was not done without difficulty or fresh danger. An Algerine frigate, wrapped in one sheet of flame, came drifting towards the flagship, which, to escape catching fire, had to be hastily hauled out by a hawser, and made fast to the *Hebrus*. The ships cut their cables, and were towed out by their boats, till a most fortunate breeze sprang up to carry them off from a situation which in some cases was most perilous, for the Algerines now took heart

to re-open fire, and swept the decks of the retreating vessels with deadly effect.

“Showers of grape and round shot,” says the midshipman, “were poured from the Emperor’s fort and other batteries, which cut away several of our oars. The sloops assisted the line-of-battle ships with their sweeps; and never shall I forget the grandeur and solemnity of the passing scene at this interesting moment! The hemisphere was illuminated bright as noon-day; every portion of the city could be distinctly discerned, the flames from which seemed to be one dense mass of lurid fire; the bombs were still throwing shells with terrible precision, and occasionally the Congreve rockets would make you start as if you had received a shot from an electric machine, as suddenly from under the stern or quarter they were discharged into the town. We now made all sail to the land breeze, that is to say, as well as we were able, having a great portion of our gear cut away; and it was with the greatest difficulty the men could be made to comprehend the orders given; it was necessary to bawl loud in their ears, the majority of them being completely deaf from the incessant cannonade that had continued for so many hours, and many of them remained in this state for a considerable period. But, unfortunately, our work was yet to come: the carpenter reported

that we had five feet of water in the hold, and that we were making two feet and a half per hour; consequently, instead of piping the hammocks down, we had to keep all hands employed during the night at the chain pumps; and such a tremendous night it was,—the thunder roared, the lightning flashed, and the rain descended in torrents!”’

The effects of the bombardment were very salutary. The despotic Dey was humbled indeed; he accepted the admiral's terms without a murmur. The British Consul was released, as well as the sailors belonging to the *Prometheus*; and two or three days later the ‘Christian slaves were given up and embarked on two transports, sent in to receive them. Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Greeks, and Dutchmen, they were driven down to the port, a ragged, scarred, sun-burned, toil-worn, fetter-marked crowd; they had been sent out of the city during the battle, and must have spent the last three days in most painful suspense. Now, wild with joy, or stupefied by a long course of sufferings, they struggled eagerly into the boats like cattle, without waiting to be counted. As boatful after boatful shoved off, they waved their hats, shouting out praises and blessings on the English king, and the admiral who had so signally delivered them; then, beating their breasts, as they looked back at the hated city, they took leave with curses on “that

second hell !” When the transports reached the fleet, their cheers were again raised, and returned by the gallant tars to whom they owed the boon of liberty. Every heart was moved by sympathetic enthusiasm at this moment of true triumph.’

Thus was this nest of piratical adventurers, that had so long been a curse to the Christian nations of Europe, rooted out. No longer would their fleet vessels pounce down upon the unarmed merchantmen, and no longer would the unhappy slave groan in cruel bondage : their power was at an end for ever.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

‘In South Africa,’ says Bisset, ‘the locusts, under the name of grasshoppers, are truly a plague, as they were in Egypt. Periodically they come down from the interior in such vast flights that the very sun is darkened for days and days, as the continued clouds of these insects pass on between heaven and earth.

‘These great flights of locusts settle at night, and I have often seen them a foot or more deep upon the earth; they cluster more particularly upon any tuft of grass or inequality on the ground. They generally take wing again the next day; but on very still days—that is, when there is no wind—they will not take flight, but move on, flying only short distances, and devouring everything before them. Where they settle at night, not a vestige of herbage is left the next morning. Providentially their course is generally to the south, which brings them to the great Indian Ocean, on whose bosom they at last alight, and are thrown back again upon the beach dead.

‘I have seen them washed up on the sands for hundreds of miles, some five or six feet deep, polluting the air to a great distance, from decomposition.

‘The country through which this scourge passes is denuded of all pasture and green herb, and nothing can save the farmer’s crops or gardens; nevertheless, every description of animal will live and even fatten on the locusts themselves. Horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, dogs, poultry, all devour them with avidity, and become so fond of the insect, that, when the locusts are getting scarce, you may see any or all of these animals running after a single locust on the wing to catch it.

‘There is an after result of this scourge which is worse than the first: wherever the vast millions of locusts alight at night they deposit their eggs, and in a few months you see the very earth become alive with diminutive insects, which develop themselves from day to day,—first in a moving mass of black *minutiæ*, and from that increasing in size and becoming the colour of the brightest red.

‘At this stage they are called the “Rooi baatyas,” or red soldiers. It is some time before the wings are developed, when they again change colour to locust-brown, and take to flight; and it is curious that when they do this their course is generally inland, in contradistinction to their progenitors, which came from the interior. The unfledged locusts are also called the

"foot-ganghersh," or foot-soldiers, and nothing can impede their advance, which they generally make on the principle of the wedge, with the thin end first. Rivers of water will not check their forward movement, for they plunge headlong into the water, until the dead make a bridge for the living.'

On one occasion, when a flight of locusts alighted in Cape Colony, a family of natives — which had migrated from the interior — went out night after night, while the locusts remained on the ground, with great sandals of ox-hide tied on their feet, and trampled about for hours where the insects were thickest. In the morning acres and acres of ground were seen covered with swarms of disabled locusts that could not fly away. These were collected in baskets and taken home. 'They would then break off the wings, pinch off the tail-end of the body, and pull off the head, and with it withdraw the inside of the locust; thus the body and legs only remained, the inside of the body being covered with fat.

'This portion of the locust was then spread open on mats in the sun to dry, and when dry packed away in huts raised from the ground, and built on purpose.' When thoroughly dried, 'a basketful of the dried locusts would be taken from the store, and one of the women would sit down on the ground by a flat stone, and with another round stone in her two hands would

grind or reduce the locusts to flour, and therewith make thick cakes, and bake them on the coals or in the ashes, and eat this locust-bread with wild honey.'

When Gordon Cumming first visited Cape Colony, he witnessed an extraordinary flight of locusts. 'I had the pleasure,' he says, 'of beholding the first flight of locusts I had seen since my arrival in the Colony. We were standing in the middle of a plain of unlimited length, and about five miles across, when I observed them advancing. On they came, like a snowstorm, flying slow and steady, about a hundred yards from the ground. I remained looking at them until the air was darkened with their masses, while the plain on which we stood became densely covered with them. Far as my eye could reach—east, west, north, and south—they stretched in one unbroken cloud; and more than an hour elapsed before their devastating legions had swept by. I was particularly struck with this most wonderful and truly interesting sight; and I remember at the time my feeling was one of self-congratulation at having visited a country where I could witness such a scene.'

Another trouble and pest to the Cape Colonist is the huge baboon; not, however, so numerous now as in previous years, when at times their numbers made them very formidable. They were very destructive to the gardens of the settlers, and troublesome from their



pilfering habits. At times they even proved dangerous foes, and a troop would not hesitate to attack a man. Yet they afforded much amusement from their singular, ludicrous ways of acting, their shyness and cunning.

We are told of a tame baboon whose great delight was in frightening Kafir women. On selecting his victim, he would rush at her as if he intended to devour her, and away she would fly for bare life, dropping her basket or hoe. But he soon caught hold of her, and, seizing her by one leg, stared in her face, mowing and grinning, and moving his eyebrows at her like an incarnate fiend. When her screams at length brought assistance, in the shape of a Kafir cur, Jacko sprang up a tree, and, resting secure on an upper branch, gazed upwards and around with a quiet and contemplative air, as though he had sought this elevated position for the sole purpose of meditating on the weakness of baboon and animal nature generally, but more particularly on the foibles of excited Kafir curs.

One morning, Captain Drayson tells us, he had risen and gone out very early to see the sun rise from one very beautiful spot. 'Suddenly,' he says, 'I heard a hoarse cough, and, on turning, saw indistinctly in the fog a queer little old man standing near, and looking at me. I instinctively cocked my gun, as the idea of Bushmen and poisoned arrows flashed across

my mind. The old man instantly dropped on his hands, giving another hoarse cough, that evidently told a tale of consumptive lungs ; he snatched up something beside him, which seemed to leap on his shoulders, and then he scampered off up the ravine on all-fours. Before half this performance was completed, I had discovered my mistake, the little old man turned into an ursine baboon, with an infant ditto, which had come down the kloof to drink. The old man's cough was answered by a dozen others, at present hidden in the fogs. Soon, however,—

Uprose the sun, the mists were curled  
Back from the solitary world  
Which lay around ;

and I obtained a view of the range of mountains gilded by the morning sun.

‘ A large party of the old gentleman's family were sitting up the ravine, and were evidently holding a debate as to the cause of my intrusion. I watched them through my glass, and was much amused at their grotesque and almost human movements. Some of the old ladies had their olive branches in their laps, and appeared to be “ doing their hair ” ; while a patriarchal-looking old fellow paced backwards and forwards with a fussy sort of look : he was evidently on sentry, and seemed to think himself of no small importance. This estimate of his dignity did not appear to be universally

acknowledged, as two or three young baboons sat close behind him watching his proceedings. Sometimes, with the most grotesque movements and expressions, they would stand directly in his path, and hobble away only at the last moment. One daring youngster followed close on the heels of the patriarch during the whole length of his beat, and gave a sharp tug at his tail as he was about to turn. The old fellow seemed to treat it with the greatest indifference, scarcely turning round at the insult. Master Impudence was about repeating the performance, when the pater, showing that he was not such a fool as he looked, suddenly sprung round, and, catching the young one before he could escape, gave him two or three such cuffs, that I could hear the screams that resulted therefrom. The venerable gentleman then chucked the delinquent over his shoulder, and continued his promenade with the greatest coolness: this old baboon evidently was acquainted with the practical details of Solomon's proverb. A crowd gathered round the naughty child, which, childlike, seeing commiseration, shrieked all the louder. I even fancied I could see the angry glances of the mamma, as she took her dear little pet in her arms, and removed it from a repetition of such brutal treatment.'

A gentleman having penetrated deep into the woods some distance from King William's Town, became

entangled in the bush and underwood. The leaves over his head were so thick that the sun's rays could not penetrate. While trying to grope his way back to the Kafir path from which he had wandered, he was surprised at receiving a salute of broken sticks and berries. Wondering what such an attack could mean, he peered up into the foliage over his head; but seeing neither man nor animal, he continued making his way to the path, when a second volley arrested him. A loud chattering overhead soon told him that his assailants were a large troop of baboons. Having got clear of the thicket, he determined to retaliate upon his enemies. He therefore commenced throwing stones at those within reach; but, to his dismay, instead of taking to flight, he saw, from every tree near him, five or ten of the ugly creatures swinging from branch to branch, and dropping upon the ground, with the evident intention of making a personal attack. Knowing that, unarmed, he was totally unable to cope with such monsters, he thought the best thing he could do was to turn and run, or his life would not be worth many minutes' purchase. This he did, with the whole troop in full cry after him. He never ran so fast in his life, and bitterly he regretted his ill-advised attack. He trusted he should meet with assistance, but none arriving, there was nothing for it but to increase his speed, and out-distance his pursuers. This he at last

accomplished; but never again ventured to attack, alone and unarmed, a troop of baboons.

Captain Drayson, in his interesting volume, gives us what we do not often get in works on Africa—a genuine Kafir love story, which almost bears the stamp of romance, owing to the manners being new and strange. The heroine is a certain Peshauna, a young lady whose reputation for beauty does not seem to have been affected, in the captain's estimation, by the circumstance of colour. Indeed, he remarks on another occasion that one very soon gets over that prejudice,—that after having looked for some time on the rich black of a Kafir belle, a white lady appears bloodless, consumptive, and sickly!

Peshauna, when our traveller saw her, was the head wife of a Kafir called Inkau, and manifested her dignity and her husband's love by doing little work, and being fashionably dressed in beads and brass. The beads, which were red, blue, and white, hung in strings round her head, neck, and wrists; her waist was adorned with a little apron of fringe, ornamented with beads, and her ankles were encircled with a fringe made from monkey's hair. This was the full dress of Peshauna, for whom twenty cows had been paid, and five men speared, before she became the bride of Inkau. The wooing is thus described by the successful husband:—

‘I had long heard people talk of Peshauna being a beauty, but did not think much about it until I went buffalo-shooting near her father’s kraal. I stopped there one night and saw her. *Au mee !* she was *muthle kakulu !* (the superlative of beautiful). I talked to her a great deal, and I thought she would soon like me. I went out next day, and shot a young buffalo. I managed to get help enough to bring it to the kraal, and I gave it all to Peshauna. Her father had asked many cows for her, but somehow no one had yet offered enough. When I heard this, I felt very frightened lest some one should carry her off before I could manage to buy her. My two wives I had always thought would have been enough for me, and I had given so many cows for them, that I really had not twenty left. I considered how I could manage, and hoped that fourteen cows paid, and seven more in ten moons, would be as good as twenty now. But Ama Sheman, her father, would not have this, and told me that a young chief named Boy would give the twenty cows at once. I was very angry at this, and asked Ama Sheman to wait a little, which he agreed to do for four months, as he said he would sooner see her my “umfazi” (wife) than Boy’s.

‘I went home, and was always after elephants. I got very rash, and was nearly killed by them once or twice, for my gun was not big enough. At last I

killed a large bull-elephant, and got eight cows as my share. I started off at once to tell Ama Sheman that my cows were ready. He did not seem pleased to see me, but told me he should like to see my cows. He was an old "chingana" (rogue), and wanted to see which had the finest lot of cattle, Boy or I, as Boy had now offered twenty cows as well as myself. Mine were the finest, so it was agreed that I was to take Peshauna as my umfazi.

'When this was settled, I went out to try and shoot a buffalo for our marriage-feast. I did kill a large one before the sun was up high, and I returned with it to the kraal. As I came near, I heard the women and children screaming. I ran up, and found that Boy had watched all the men out of the kraal, had then walked quietly in with three of his people, and caught my dear Peshauna, and, before she had suspected anything, carried her off. Ama Sheman went out to try and stop them, but he was knocked on the head with a knob-kerry, and lay as if dead. They got off well from the kraal, and were out of sight when I returned, for they did not think I should be back so soon.

'I shouted for the men, who soon came in. We got our assegais, and I had my gun. Ama Sheman came all alive again, and eight of us started in chasc. We went fast, and soon sighted the four rascals. As we came near them, they seemed surprised, and did

not know what to do. They soon let Peshaua loose, and ran for their lives. We gained on them, and I threw away my gun, that I might run quicker. They had a river to cross, which was deep; they were wrong to try and get across; they ought to have fought on this side. Before they had gone over half the water, we had assegaied two of them. They soon sank, and were eaten up by the alligators. The other two got over. We all jumped into the water, and swam after them. One of our young men, a very fast runner, went past me, and neared Boy; as he did so, he shouted to him not to run like a dog, but to stop and fight. Boy took no notice until the man was close to him, when he suddenly stopped, turned round, and threw an assegai, which went through our fast runner, and killed him. It was Boy's last achievement, for I was on him like a leopard, and my assegai going into his heart was pleasant music to me. The other Kafir was killed by Ama Sheman. We hid their bodies, as we did not wish a war with their kraal. We all kept the story quiet, and they did not for some time discover what had become of Boy and his party. The hyenas and vultures soon picked their bones.'

The Universities' Mission to Central Africa has three establishments in the Island of Zanzibar, one at M'Kunarini, in the city itself, including church, schools, and a group of houses; another, a mile distant, called



Kiungani, with a large school for boys and a printing press worked by them ; and, finally, an estate at Mbuani, three and a half miles from the city, where there is a church, girls' school, and village of adult released slaves. There are also two centres of operation on the mainland, one between the coast and Lake Nyassa, of which released slaves form the nucleus, the other is about eighty miles west of Zanzibar. And to reach the tribes on the eastern shores of Lake Nyassa a steamer is constantly at work.

Mr. Madan, a devoted worker, has been connected with the mission for the last five or six years, and during that time has come into close contact with ninety or a hundred African boys, of all ages ranging from nine to twenty-one, most of whom have been captured from slave ships. These recaptured slaves are taught in the Universities' schools to speak and write the Swahili language, the one most generally used.

A very happy thought occurred to Mr. Madan : he invited some of these boys to write down recollections of their homes and wanderings, also any other stories they had heard in their own lands or during the time of their captivity. As many as thirteen complied, all of course writing in the Swahili language ; and when finished, Mr. Madan translated it into English. They are all now published, and make a very interesting

addition to African folk-lore. We give two of the stories as specimens of what African boys can do when properly educated. The first is the *History of a Mahua Boy* :—

‘I was kidnapped from home in a time of famine. My mother had gone out of the village to try and get some food, and a man came and said to me, “Come along to my house.” And I said, “Very well,” and went, because his house was near, and I thought I should go home again.

‘When I got to his house, I found women pounding millet. The man gave me a little of the flour, and mixed it with water, and I ate it. But really the man had deceived me; he had already stolen me. He had agreed with another man, who said, “If you will get me a child, I’ll pay you well.” So he came and deceived me, and so he got me. At the time he took me away, he said to me, “Come along to my house and have some potatoes.” So I went, because there was something to eat, and it was a time of famine.

‘Well, I loitered there a little while, and presently the man appeared who had got him to do this, and the man who had deceived me seized hold of me to prevent my running away, for his house was quite close. His house was as it might be here, and his as far as the magazine. That was the distance [*i.e.* about 400

yards.—ED.]. The newcomer brought a hoe and some blue calico, and then a number of other hoes and a gun. So the man who brought these goods carried me off, and I became his slave. That was the way I first fell into slavery.

‘ Well, I remained with him a great many days, and after a time he sold me for money to another man. This man was a sort of Arab, but black. He had a great number of slaves, a large house quite full of them inside, till there was no room, it was so full. But me he was very fond of, as if I was his own child, and there we lived. After a time we made a journey of many days, and then stopped for a day. Then all the others went away, and I was left with one woman, who now is living in the village of Mbweni, and one man too. We lived in a small house, and there we slept and there we ate. There we remained many days, so that they dug a piece of ground and crops grew, and they had just begun to eat them, when we moved off again, and went to where the others were. We arrived in the evening, a great number, and had our meal. When that was over, we heard that war was coming near and slaves running away, and then it was that Daudi (now dead) arrived. When he and his party arrived, we packed our things and went on till we came to a dhow on the shore. The head of the caravan had died and left it to another man. We

embarked; but first I ran away, and they did not see me; because it was quite in the evening, and getting dark. Presently I stopped, and thought in my mind, and felt it was best to go back. So I went back, and they put me on board with all haste, for fear I should run away again.

‘Then we sailed and went away. I was sick the whole time. All we had to eat was millet and dry cassava. I could eat nothing, and got very thin with continual sickness. We were a great many days at sea, and I was too weak to move for any purpose—I could not.

‘At last, one night, the Arabs saw a light, and said, “We shall reach the town directly.” But what was it but the light of a ship? We went on till we got near, and then they shouted, “Lower sail!” And they lowered it. So we were taken.

‘In the morning we saw that it was a black ship, and all of us went on board. But the Arabs were put in confinement, and the Europeans took part of the food in the dhow, and threw the rest into the sea. The food which they took they used to cook every day for the Arabs. The food was very good on board the ship, and every day we had a bath in the morning. We stayed a long time on the ship, till we got quite fat, and then we arrived at Zanzibar.’

The second story is called *The Beggar* :—

‘There was once a poor man and his wife. They were very poor, and had no friends. The man was by profession a beggar. Every morning, as soon as he woke up, he rose and went out begging.

‘One day he went out as usual, and came upon an Arab at his prayers. And he said, “For God’s sake, pity the beggar!” When the Arab had finished his prayers, he gave him a shilling. The beggar questioned the Arab, and said, “What were you doing with all those bowings here?” The Arab answered and said, “I was praying to God. It is He who gave me the shilling which I gave you, and He is our Lord.” “Indeed!” said the beggar. “I thought it was you who gave me the shilling; and, strange to say, you are a beggar yourself. I won’t have your shilling, take it yourself, and I will go and pray to Him who gave it to you. If I am not a creature of His who gave you that shilling, let me just starve to death.”

‘He returned to his house, and went inside and threw himself on his bed. His wife came and asked him, “What is the matter with you to-day, my master? Has anything hurt you?” But he made no reply.

‘Thus he remained for three days. He neither ate nor drank nor spoke to his wife. His wife continued to question him, and at last he spoke to her and told her all about the Arab who prayed.

‘His wife answered and said, “My dear husband, you are foolish. Every day you go and beg and get nothing but a grain of millet, and are well content, and yet you refuse a shilling. Do you not know that God has made poor and rich, slave and free man, small and great?”

“I do not know it at all,” replied he. “He who gave to the Arab did not give to me. And what is more, I will not beg again. If I am not God’s creature, just let me die.”

‘When his wife saw that her husband would not beg any more, she began to set to work digging, and took her hoe and went round to the back of the house to dig. There she saw a pot of money, and she ran back to her husband and said to him, “Master, get up. God has sent us poor folks a blessing.”

‘Her husband replied, “If I am really God’s creature, He will bring His blessing here where I am now.”

‘His wife was very angry, and went to the town to engage porters to carry the pot of money to him indoors. When the porters came, they looked at the pot and found it full of bees. And they said to the woman, “What have you given us all this trouble for? You said you had found a pot of money, and there is nothing but bees! You are a nice young woman.” And the porters went home. As they were on the way

home they said to each other, "What do you think of that woman, giving us all this trouble for nothing? Suppose we go back presently in the evening and put that pot of bees inside the house for her, to sting her and her husband?" "Agreed," they all said.

'So at night they went back, and took the pot of bees and put it in the beggar's house. Suddenly the pot of bees turned to money again as at first. The pot fell down and was broken, and the money poured out. Up rose the beggar and said, "Wife, I told you that God's creatures do not fail to get His blessing." They took the money, and bought a piece of land and built a house, and lived happily, he and his wife, and were beggars no longer.'



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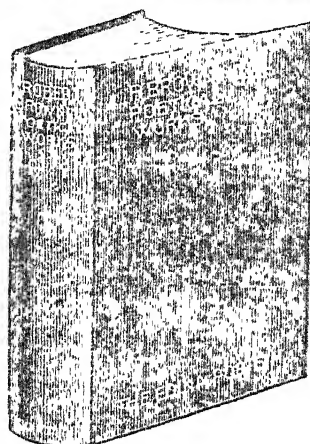
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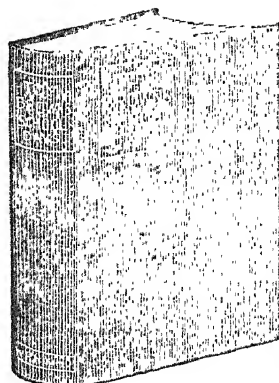
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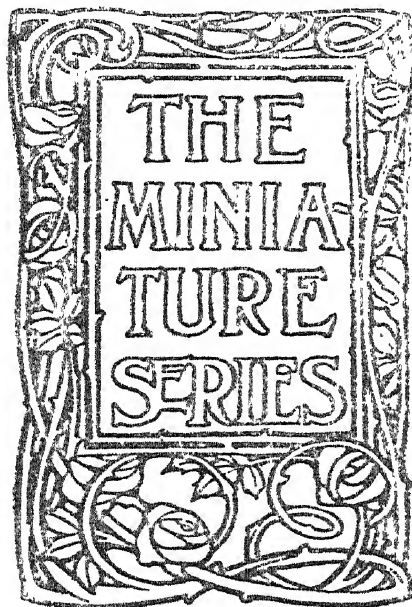
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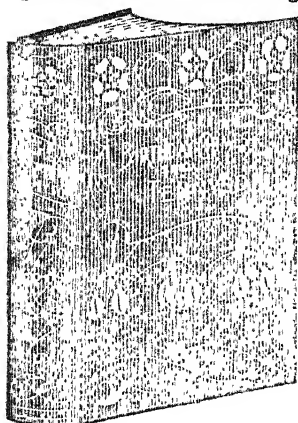
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